THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR MAY, 1810.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 The Escape, 195
2 Temperance & Intemperance, 198
3 Highland Hospitality and Generosity, 199
4 Anecdote of Sir R. Walpole, 200
5 ———— Hogarth, 200
6 Augustus and Rosabelle, 201
7 The Young Officer, 204
8 London Fashions, 208
9 Answer to Miss Crabface, 209
10 Benedict, 209
11 Account of the Alligators of the Mississipi, 219
12 Fall of the Barmecides, 223
13 Difference of Character between Man and Woman, 225
14 POETICAL ESSAYS — The Swallow: by Mrs. Charlotte Smith — An Invitation on May Morning — Old Snow; or, Joe and the Ghost — Commercial Sonnets — The Cottage of Content — Enigma — Charade 229, — 232
15 Foreign News, 233
16 Home News, 236
17 Births, Marriages, 239
18 Deaths, 240

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

1. The ESCAPE.
2. London WALKING and FULL DRESS.
3. New and elegant PATTERNS for Borders, Trimmings, &c.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter on the subject of the *Mendicants* in the vicinity of the *Metropolis*, shall appear in our next.

We are obliged to *Miss E. Baxter* for her communications; they shall appear.

The *Stanzas, by J. G—b—m*, were intended for the present Number; but, owing to an oversight, are unavoidably deferred till our next, when they shall certainly appear.

Roderigo's Epistle requires revision.

M. Blane's letter, with the *Sonnet to October*, is received.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

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THE ESCAPE.

A TALE.

[With an elegant Engraving.]

AMID the romantic mountains which separate Piedmont from Savoy, srose, some centuries ago, the strong walls and lofty turrets of the impregnable mansion of the Count of Mondovi. His extensive possessions, the submissive subserviency of his devoted vassals who were ready to undertake any service he wished, and to shed their blood in his quarrels, without any nice inquiries relative to right or wrong; added to the great strength of the castle in which he resided, both from it's natural position, and the fortifications which art had annexed, had rendered him, as was usual with the great lords of those days, little less than an independent sovereign over his own domains: and he did that, without control, which was right in his own eyes. As such unlimited and unrestrained power will ever give a loose rein to the passions, and at length corrupt the heart, Mondovi, though when he first succeeded to his great possessions he was universally considered as mild, beneficent, and possessed of the most amiable qualities, gradually became proud, passionate, and even morose, vindictive, and cruel, if he met with the slightest disappointment or obstacle to his will. In the course of the indulgence of his passions, he chanced to cast his eyes on the fair Geraldina, a young and beautiful female, who had been left an orphan, and resided with her uncle, a merchant in a neighbouring town, who had acquired a small fortune by commerce. Mondovi, having seen her once or twice, conceived a fondness for her which he found continually to increase, and it was not long before he found means to signify to her his tender affection, and his wish to exalt her to the high rank of mistress of his heart, and at least the temporary

sharer of his fortune; at the same time offering her full assurance of the most ample remuneration, should time or any other cause induce such a change in his inclinations, which he thought impossible, as should render a separation necessary. But she received his proffered love with a polite coldness which appeared to him to border on disdain; and though her uncle, when he was informed of the nature of the solicitations of the count, recommended to her to accept them, considering her total want of fortune or any protection from a man so powerful, she remained firm and inflexible, to the no small mortification of her noble lover, who had never been accustomed to encounter opposition to his will, however vicious, or however unjust.

But had the virtue of Geraldina needed any support from extraneous circumstances, it had found it in the mutual affection which, unknown to both the count and her uncle, had existed, with reciprocally plighted vows, between her and a youth of the name of Giacomo, whose love was of the most honorable kind; and though their intercourse was for certain reasons not yet made known, it was resolved that their indissoluble union should soon take place.

Mondovi, however, enraged to find his love slighted, had recourse to vindictive and violent measures he had too long accustomed himself to practise. Geraldina suddenly disappeared, and neither her uncle nor any one else could say what had become of her; but it was strongly suspected that she had been carried off by some of the agents of Mondovi, and that if he had not offered to her any actual violence, she at least remained a sad prisoner, immured within the walls of his castle; but the power of Mondovi was too great for any one to dare to express such suspicions, and still less to attempt to rescue her by force. Giacomo, when he found she was lost, was nearly frantic, and in his anxious inquiries had nearly discovered his whole secret to her uncle; but his imagination suddenly suggested to him another scheme: he immediately carried it into execution.

He knew that the confidential servant of Mondovi had lately died suddenly, and as he was totally unknown to Mondovi, having resided many years in a very distant country, and but lately returned, he went at once to the castle and offered his services. As he was a youth of very considerable address, they were accepted, and in a few days he had, by his good sense and apparent obsequiousness, so far ingratiated himself with his master, that he had gained a still greater degree of his confidence than his predecessor had ever possessed. He had not been long in this situation before he attained the great object of his search. He learned that there was a beautiful lady confined within the castle, and he could not doubt but he had found Geraldina. He found access to her keeper, and by the exertion of the same address and flattery, by which he had succeeded so well with his master, he obtained completely his good opinion and confidence, to which the favor he was now known to be in with the count, was indeed a sufficient passport. This man's name was Morosini, and Giacomo had many conversations with him, in which

he artfully glanced at the subject of the confined beauty; and from these he was convinced that the count had offered no violence to her, but that she was merely confined till she would consent to his will. Giacomo now set himself to devise some plan by which he might effect her deliverance. He had learned to imitate the signature of the count with the greatest exactness, and one night, when Mondovi had gone to bed early, having been attacked by a very violent cold, he came to Morosini, and telling him that the lady had at last consented, though that was to be a very great secret, showed him an order from the count for her immediate removal, with as little noise as possible, to another chateau which he had many miles distant. He directed him only to take one carriage, and two or three men with arms, and to leave the castle at a certain private gate, which he knew to be most remote from the apartments of the count. He had contrived on the preceding day to give information to Geraldina that he was there, and determined to effect her liberation, in order to prevent her surprise, should she recognize him, from producing a discovery.

Morosini made no doubt of the truth of all he was told, nor had the least suspicion that the signature of the count was forged: every thing succeeded as Giocomo wished, and they were soon without the walls of the castle. As they came out by the most private gate, they had to pass, before they could get to the carriage, a deep ravine, over which they had no bridge, but the trunk of a tree; but Giacomo going before, and Morosini carefully conducting his late prisoner, while one of the attendants held a lighted torch, they were soon safe over without any accident, and reached the carriage provided for them.

They had not, however, traveled above fifteen or twenty miles when they were met by a party of horsemen, well armed, the friends of Giacomo, whom he had appointed to meet him there, and complete the rescue of Geraldina. The vassals of Mondovi were too few in number to attempt any resistance, and were obliged to resign their prize.

Giacomo now revealed to Geraldina the secret of who he really was. She always supposed him to be a person of her own rank, but he now informed her that he was the younger brother of the lord of large estates, not much inferior to those of Mondovi; that his brother had been married many years, and had no heir, and that he was the next in succession; that he had besides considerable property of his own, all of which, convinced as he was of her virtue, and her constancy, he was willing to lay at her feet. Her consent had, in fact, been before obtained, and they were, without delay, happily united.

Mondovi, when he heard of the escape, and fortunate marriage of his prisoner, endeavoured to atone for his act of violence, by one which at least wore the semblance of generosity. He sent Geraldina a rich present of trinkets and jewels; with complimentary wishes, either real or pretended, for her future happiness and prosperity.

TEMPERANCE and INTEMPERANCE.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY W. LUCAS.

(From Blagdon's Flowers of Literature.)

TEMPERANCE and Intemperance, two brothers, were invited by Hospitality to a banquet at which Friendship and Harmony were to preside. They accordingly went, were received with every demonstration of kindness, and took their seat among the social guests.

It was not long, however, before Intemperance, giving an unbounded loose to his appetite, began in the most wanton manner to waste the plenty that surrounded him, and soon became so restless and disorderly, that his brother, shocked at his misconduct, and apprehensive of participating in his disgrace, quitted his society, and returned home.

Temperance being gone, the other now became more disorderly than before; and although Friendship and Harmony endeavoured, by the most amiable good temper, and in the mildest language, to bring him to discretion, he nevertheless continued to increase in his folly, at the same time, mocking and despising all they said.

Hospitality, for a considerable time, witnessed his behaviour in silent regret; till at length, justly offended at seeing the pleasure of her guests disturbed, she called him to order. But the ungovernable wretch, instead of obeying her, loaded her with abuse, and presently, to fill up the measure of his ingratitude, took an opportunity of conveying some poison into her glass, which she had no sooner drank, than she fell dead upon the floor. Friendship and Harmony, perceiving the fate of their beloved hostess, rose from their seats, and in grief mingled with abhorrence, left the company.

They had no sooner departed than Intemperance, elated at his success, reeled into the vacant chair of Harmony, and, giving a signal, on which he had previously agreed, there instantly rushed into the room a lawless band of his own composing, the chief of whom were Riot and Indecency. And now all was noise, discord, and confusion.

But Intemperance did not long enjoy his triumph; for his wild associates, despising every control, treacherously seised him, dragged him from his chair, and, beating him most unmercifully, cast him into the street, where he lay, covered with wounds and dirt till the following morning.

In the morning, Justice passed by, accompanied by Pity. The latter no sooner beheld the deplorable object, than she wept spontaneously, and proposed that they should take him home, and nurse him till he recovered. But Justice, with her usual caution, learning the particulars of the case, from the by-standers, turned to the culprit, and, with a severe look, and in an awful voice, 'Wretch,' said she, 'thy own wantonness hath brought thee to this plight; thy insatiate appetite hath despised control: thou

hast poisoned the fairest virtue of the sons of man, and Friendship and Harmony have fled thy hatred presence. Take then thy merited reward, and live a reproach to thyself, and an example to others. I consign thee as a perpetual slave to Shame and Disease.' — The mandate of Justice was instantly executed, and the degenerate Intemperance was sold to those inexorable tyrants with whom he lingered out a miserable existence.

HIGHLAND HOSPITALITY and GENEROSITY.

(From Sir John Carr's Tour through Scotland.)

AN extraordinary instance of incorruptible fidelity occurred in the course of the miserable rambles of the Pretender. A poor cottager of the name of M' Ian, who was upon principle hostile to his cause, and who, on account of a severe season, was, with his family, in a state of starvation, received the wretched wanderer, and at the hazard of his life committed depredations to procure him sustenance, when an immense reward lay within his reach, and with powerful temptation invited him to surrender his guest. The fate of this generous being was as singular as his conduct to the prince. In a season of great scarcity he stole a cow, to save his family from dying of hunger, for which he was tried, convicted, and executed. A little before his execution he took off his bonnet, and thanked God he had never betrayed a trust, never injured the poor, and never refused a share of what he had to the stranger.

Another instance of the integrity of the Highland character is related. One day, after the hapless wanderer had walked from morning to night without having tasted any food, he ventured to enter a house, the owner of which he knew was, like the last man, hostile to his views. As he entered, he addressed the master of the house in the following manner— 'The son of your king comes to beg a little bread, and a few clothes. I know your present attachment to my adversaries; but I believe you have sufficient honor not to abuse my confidence, or take advantage of my distressed situation. Take these rags that have for some time been my only covering. You may probably restore them to me one day when I shall be seated on the throne of my ancestors.' This affecting appeal awakened pity in the breast of the owner of the house, who afforded him all the assistance in his power, and never divulged the secret.*

An astonishing instance of the most heroic attachment was likewise evinced towards the unfortunate Charles, by the gallant young captain Mackenzie. After the battle which decided his fate, and rendered every hope of his pretentions abortive, parties of royalists were distributed for the purpose of seising him in every quarter. One day captain Mac-

* How highly will these instances of virtue rise in the breast of the youthful reader, when he is told that a reward of 30,000*l.* (an immense sum in those days) was offered for the Pretender's head, dead or alive!

kenzie and his little band were discovered, and pursued, some of whom fled, and others threw down their arms, and implored for mercy. But Mackenzie, observing that his pursuers seemed very anxious to take him, concluded that they mistook him for the prince. He accordingly, to confirm them in their mistake, defended himself with all the fury of desperation; upon which to secure the enormous reward offered for the head of the Pretender they shot him; when he exclaimed as he expired—'Villains, you have shot your prince!' thinking, by this gallant stratagem, to abate the ardor of their pursuit after the royal fugitive. His head was immediately severed from his shoulders, and brought into the camp by those who slew him, with great exultation; when they were mortified by being informed by a soldier, who knew the gallant captain, that it was the head of Mackenzie, and not of the Pretender.

Anecdote of Sir Robert Walpole.

SIR Robert, who lay under some electioneering obligations to a man of some weight in a western borough, had repeatedly promised him a place, and as often pleaded prior engagements. —'He was sorry for it, but a certain great man must be obliged; however he might depend on the next,' and so on. After repeated disappointments of this kind, the man began to despair; when a land-surveyor at Bristol, being killed by the falling of a sugar hogshead, waited again on Sir Robert, who told him, 'that place had been promised a twelvemonth; 'but, my dear friend,' added he, 'the very next that becomes vacant, you have it, on my word, as a man of honor.' 'Why then,' says he, 'Sir Robert, I am the luckiest fellow alive; for if my intelligence be not false, the same hogshead knocked down a brother officer, and there are town vacancies at the present hour.'

Anecdote of Hogarth.

WHEN Hogarth first set up his carriage, he paid a visit to the Lord Mayor, and having protracted his stay till a heavy shower came on, he was led out by a different door from that which he entered, and not thinking of his carriage, set off on foot, and got home dripping wet.

When Mrs. Hogarth asked him where he had left his carriage, he said, 'he had forgotten it.'

AUGUSTUS AND ROSABELLE.

A TALE.

[*Continued from* p. 167.]

MISS Heathly thus continued the conversation: 'But, Rosabelle, when did you hear about Mr. Palmer? come now, you need not blush, I know perfectly all about it.'

'If you did,' replied Rosabelle, 'you would not ask me about the gentleman; but I don't know of what consequence it can be to you to know whether I have heard of him or not.'

'You won't tell me any of your secrets,' said Miss Heathly, 'but hark, I'll tell you one; don't listen, Mr. Fitz Clare.'

'I have no curiosity to hear your secrets, I assure you,' said Augustus.

Miss Heathly pulled down Rosabelle's head, and whispered loud enough to be heard, 'do you know I am come hither to marry Mr. Fitz Clare?' Rosabelle colored deeply. 'I thought, Augustus, I had any interest in that blush! but no, Mr. Palmer is the man beloved by her.'

At parting, Sir Arthur entreated Mrs. Westerville to spend the next day with them, and to bring her daughters along with her: Mrs. Westerville accepted the invitation, and the party returned to Fitz Clare house, where they found Mr. and Mrs. Elmour waiting their arrival. The next day brought Mrs. Westerville and her daughter. Augustus had an opportunity of comparing his bride elect, with the charming Rosabelle; the comparison could not sink Miss Heathly lower in his opinion than she already was, but it heightened his love for Miss Westerville, almost to adoration.

A fortnight had passed over since the Heathlys' arrival, and seldom a day passed that Augustus did not see his beloved Rosabelle. One day, when the Westervilles were at Fitz-Clare, a servant entered and delivered a letter to Augustus.

'I hope there is no bad news,' said Sir Arthur, who had observed the change in his son's countenance, as he perused the letter.

'It is an order to join the regiment immediately,' replied Augustus.

'Oh! heavens! my sister is fainting,' exclaimed Louisa Westerville. The agitation of Augustus, till Rosabelle recovered, plainly showed to his father the state of his heart.

'Augustus,' said Sir Arthur, 'you have deceived me; you love Miss Westerville.'

'Sir, I never have, nor ever will deceive you,' replied his son, with warmth; 'I told you, the first interview we had after Mr. Heathly's arrival, that I never could behold Miss Heathly with any other feeling than contempt; that I love Miss Westerville with a true and ardent passion I seek not to deny; but I solemnly swear to you, that I never breathed the slightest word of it to her, though my looks and actions might have told her so a thousand times.'

'I cannot blame you for admiring Miss Westerville,' said Sir Arthur, 'who is an amiable as well as beautiful girl; and were you free and at liberty, I should make no objections to your addressing her; but as matters stand, you must not even think of it.'

'Why not think of it?' said Augustus, 'I am under no oath or engagement to Miss Heathly.'

'That you are under no oath or engagement is true,' replied Sir Arthur, 'but you are under forforfeiture of the Wigram estate, if you marry any one else; your grandfather left it so.'

'Then I will never marry,' said Augustus. 'Sooner would I seek my bread from door to door, than be united to the woman I despise.'

'Augustus,' said Arthur, 'I have ever been towards you a tender and indulgent father, nor do I mean to forfeit that title now; I want you not to marry Miss Heathly, unless with your own free-will; she is silly, it must be confessed; but remember, she is very young, and has had the misfortune to be brought up by a mother who never thwarted her in a fancy or wish, were they ever so absurd. Again I tell you, I do not wish you to marry her, unless entirely agreeable to yourself; but I charge you, as you value my blessing, never to wed another, as long as she remains unmarried.'

'I never will, my dearest father,' replied Augustus, respectfully kissing his hand: to-morrow I will depart, and endeavour to forget Miss Westerville, in the glory of a soldier.'

'Next morning Augustus walked over to Mrs. Westerville's, to bid her farewell. He was received most kindly by Mrs. Westerville and Louisa; Rosabelle was silent and abstracted. 'I can only stay to bid you farewell,' said Fitz Clare; 'the horses are waiting to carry me far from you, perhaps never to see you again.'

'We will not anticipate evil,' said Mrs. Westerville; 'but figure to ourselves your return once more among us, and believe me, none will be happier than me to see you.'

The return of a soldier,' said Augustus, 'is always uncertain; yet believe me, in whatever clime or place I may be, Mrs. Westerville and her daughters will ever be remembered by me with the warmest friendship. Farewell, God bless you all!' The unbidden tear started into Rosabelle's eyes at the word farewell; Augustus pressed her hand, and carried it to his lips. 'Farewell!' cried he, in a voice half choaked with emotion, and darting from the house, soon was out of sight. In five days Augustus joined his regiment, and was welcomed by his brother officers in the most friendly manner.

Four months had elapsed since he left Fitz Clare; at the end of that time, they received orders to march for ———, in Essex. On their arrival, their Major, (Manners) an intimate friend of Augustus, introduced him to an aunt of his, a very gay woman. In the evening they attended her, and a numerous party, to the theatre. Towards the close of the evening, Augustus looked to one of the side-boxes, and beheld, in all the charms of unadorned loveliness, Rosabelle Westerville; she was along with her mother and sister, and two gentlemen: one of them a middle-aged looking man, and the other young and very handsome, who sat between Rosabelle and her sister, dividing his attentions equally to them both.

'Who are these two ladies Palmer is flirting with,' said Mrs. Manners, directing her eyes to the box where Rosabelle and her sister sat.

'Palmer!' exclaimed Augustus.

Mrs. Manners eyed him with astonishment. Fool that I was, thought he to himself, to believe that she loved me; I deserve this for my vanity; it is Palmer alone she has ever loved!

Mrs. Manners and her party rose to depart; Augustus offered his arm to a Miss Montgomery. In crossing the lobby they met the Westervilles; Augustusbowed coldly, and passed on; Rosabelle blushed, the rest did not observe him. 'Mrs Westerville's carriage!' called Mr. Palmer: Augustus looked round in astonishment, and beheld Mrs. Westerville and her daughters step into a very elegant carriage.

The next day when he was walking down the parade, he met Mrs. Westerville, attended by the two gentlemen he had seen with her the preceding night: Mrs. Westerville and Louisa, who had not observed the cold air he had saluted them with at the theatre, came up to him with the freedom of old acquaintances; Rosabelle slightly bowed, and continued talking with Mr. Palmer. 'There is our card,' said Mrs. Westerville, 'come and dine with us *en famillé* to-morrow.'

'With pleasure, madam,' replied Augustus.

The next day, he repaired to Mrs. Westerville's, and found her lodged in one of the most elegant houses in ——. When he went up stairs, he found Mrs. Westerville alone. 'I look upon you as one of my friends,' said she, 'and as such, I dare say you will be happy to hear we have gained our law-suit, and are now in possession of six thousand a-year; but I have no sooner gained one treasure, than I am going to lose another; my daughter, Louisa, is going to change the name of Westerville, for that of Palmer, this day three weeks.'

'Good God! my dear Mrs. Westerville,' exclaimed Augustus, 'can it be possible? Is it then Louisa, and not Rosabelle, that is Mr. Palmer's choice?' Augustus poured out the secrets of his heart to Mrs. Westerville. 'Say, is Rosabelle's heart engaged?'

'I never betray confidence that is placed in me,' replied she, smiling. 'You are right, madam,' said Augustus, mournfully; 'it is of no consequence to me whether or not; that hated Miss Heathly'...

'Hush! hush! for Heaven's sake,' said Mrs. Westerville, laying her hand on his mouth; I am absolutely ashamed of you; but pray, who is this Miss Heathly?'

'Mrs. Westerville!' said Augustus, with a look of unfeigned astonishment, 'can you be ignorant?'

'I see,' cried Mrs. Westerville, 'your disappointment won't sit heavy upon you.'

'Disappointment!' repeated Augustus; 'my dear madam, I beseech you do not trifle with me, I am very miserable.'

'Then you shan't be so long,' replied she, 'learn from me, that your intended bride, Miss Heathly, eloped last week with a dancing-master.'

'Can I believe my senses?' cried Augustus; 'am I then free, and at liberty to throw myself at the feet of the adorable Rosabelle!'

'Here she comes to answer for herself,' said Mrs. Westerville.

'Rosabelle, dearest Rosabelle,' exclaimed he, throwing himself at her feet, as she entered, 'can you, will you forgive my folly? can I dare believe that I am not indifferent to you?'

'I do not understand you, sir,' said the astonished girl.

'To set you all right,' said Mrs. Westerville, 'I must tell you, Mr. Fitz Clare, that your father was no sooner informed of the elopement, than he wrote to inform you of it, which letter, I suppose you never received, as you were upon your march at the time. Sir Arthur likewise informed me of your attachment to my daughter, which I had before guessed at. Rosabelle's heart is engaged? need I name the object?' Augustus pressed the hand of the blushing girl to his lips.

Cannot the reader guess what followed, or must I tell, that that day three weeks the enraptured Augustus received at the altar the hand of the virtuous and lovely Rosabelle; and at the same time, the happy Palmer received the hand of the amiable Louisa.

MARGARET.

THE YOUNG OFFICER.

A TALE.

BY MARGARET B.

THE sun had sunk behind the mountains, and his rays were faintly reflected on the clear surface of the beautiful and romantic river. —A stranger walked with slow and pensive steps on it's green and flowery banks. A large military great-coat wrapped his emaciated form; his pale and sallow cheek expressed ill-health, in it's most unaffecting aspect. He paused—and leaning his arm upon the mouldering stump of an old tree, looked wistfully around. A big tear dropped upon his thin and wasted hand, as his eye fell upon a small cottage, situated in the midst of a sequestered glen; a deep sigh burst from his laboring breast; he drew his eyes hastily away, and walked down a sloping path that led to the humble mansion of the village pastor. With a trembling hand he knocked at the door. A tall, blooming girl opened it. She gazed upon the stranger in silence.

'Have you forgotten me, Mary?' said he, in a mournful accent.

'It is Edward!' exclaimed the young girl, throwing herself into his arms. 'Father! father, it is Edward, our long-absent Edward.'

'My son! my son! my beloved son!' said a venerable old man, pressing Edward in his arms, 'do I once more behold thee? Oh, Heaven! I thank thee for this greatest of all blessings.'

'My heart is too full to speak,' said Edward, throwing himself on a chair, 'dear father! dear Mary!'

'Off with your great coat, Edward,' said Mary.

'You will find me much altered, Mary,' said Edward, as he threw by his great-coat, and displayed a figure scarcely the remnant of his former self. Mary burst into tears, and hid her face upon his shoulder.

'You have suffered much, my poor boy,' said his father, wiping a tear from his cheek, 'but I hope your native air, and the attentions of your sister and myself, will soon restore you to your wonted health.'

A convulsive groan was all the answer he received from Edward.

'My brother, my adored bro-

ther!' cried Mary, pressing him, in agony, to her bursting heart. 'O, Heavens!'

'Mary, dear Mary!' said Edward, kissing her wet cheek, 'do not distress yourself so much; though my form is altered, my heart is not; it still beat stowards my father and you with the truest affection.'

'God bless you both!' said Mr. Leicester, with fervency; 'go, my dear Mary, and get supper; your brother looks as if he stood in need of some refreshment.'

Mary spread out the table with the best; Edward, although he had no appetite, ate to oblige his father and sister; who beheld, with breaking hearts, the ravages disease had made upon his once-fine form.

'You will be fatigued, Edward,' said his father, 'I think we had better bid each other good night.'

'I hope you will sleep sound,' said Mary; 'I made your bed myself, and took care to have it well aired.'

'You are all attention, my Mary,' said Edward, 'I hope you will sleep sound yourself, I am sure you deserve it. Good night, dear father,—good night, Mary.'

'God bless you both!' said Mr. Leicester; 'and grant you may soon be restored to your health.'

'Good night,' said Mary, 'I hope you will sleep well.'

Edward retired to his apartment, and threw himself upon his bed, but not to sleep; alas! that was a comfort the poor war-worn soldier seldom enjoyed. Towards morning he fell into a broken slumber. A soft hand pressing his, awakened him. He looked up, and beheld Mary sitting by his bed-side.

'Good morning, dear Edward,' said she, 'I hope you have slept well.'

'Better than I have done these many nights past,' replied Edward.

'See,' said Mary, drawing back the curtains, 'I have brought you a bowl of ass's milk, newly milked; I am sure it will do you good.'

Edward smiled, and took the bowl from the hand of the affectionate Mary:—'Any thing from you will do me good,' said he, drinking of the strengthening draught; 'but how am I to repay all this kind attention?'

'By getting soon well again,' said Mary, smiling through a tear; 'that is the only way you can repay me.—But tell me, shall I bring your breakfast to your own room, or will you come down stairs?'

'You will make me think myself quite an invalid,' said Edward, 'if you speak about bringing my breakfast to me; I'll come down to the parlour.

'Well then,' said Mary, 'I will go and get it immediately.'

Edward arose, and went down stairs.—'Good morning,' said Mr. Leicester, 'I was glad to hear from Mary, that you had slept well.'

'How could I do otherwise, my dear father,' replied Edward, 'after embracing you and my sister?'

'Come, draw near the table,' said Mr. Leicester; —'Mary, fill out the tea, it is a long time since Edward breakfasted with us.'

'Is your wound quite healed, Edward?' said Mary.

'Almost,' replied he; 'I don't feel it the least painful to me now.'

'Who took care of you, when you was ill?' asked Mary.

'No one in particular,' answered Edward; 'I often wished for you, Mary, to nurse me: indeed, if it had not been for one poor soldier, I should have died.'

'Good creature!' said Mary, 'I wish it was in my power to reward him.'

'I was very sorry to hear,' said Mr. Leicester, 'of your Colonel's death.'

'He died as a brave man ought to die,' said Edward; 'he was struck by a cannon ball while he was giving orders at the head of his men; he was buried in the sand, and the next morning, when I went past his grave, the wind had blown the sand off, and left his body uncovered.'

'O, shocking!' cried Mary, 'what did you do?'

'I covered it as well as I could, but my labor was in vain, as the wind blew the sand in every direction.'

'But where did you sleep all night?' said Mary.

'In the open air,' replied Edward, 'we had no other place. You will remember my mentioning a Captain Stanly, in my letters to you, as an intimate friend of mine; he and I dug a hole in the sand, and putting a little straw in it, remained there for the night. Poor Stanly was killed the next day; and, singular enough, the same cavity that served him for a bed the preceding night, served him for a grave the next.'

'Good Heavens!' said Mary, lifting up her hands, 'what a dreadful thing is war! Were not you terrified when the battle first began?'

'I did not feel quite so much at my ease as I do now, but I soon lost all other feelings but thirst of revenge, when I saw some of my dearest friends fall by my side.'

'I hope you did not kill any body,' said Mary.

'Mary would not do for a soldier,' said Mr. Leicester, 'she would be too tender-hearted.'

'I would not kill any body,' said Mary, 'I would only defend myself.'

'But in defending yourself, you would be obliged to kill many a one,' said Edward.

'I should only like to be a soldier when they staid at home, I would not like to go and fight.'

'I dare say you would not,' said Mr. Leicester; 'but if I am not mistaken, here comes Mr. Cicil and his daughter.'

'They do indeed,' said Edward, 'I will go and meet them.'

'You are welcome home, my dear Edward,' said Mr. Cicil, extending his hand, which Edward grasped most cordially; 'I am happy to see you again.'

'I can return you the compliment with truth,' said Edward, 'I hope I have not worn out of your memory, Miss Cicil.'

'O no!' replied Ellen, while a starting tear attested the truth, 'I have not forgotten you.'

'I can vouch for that,' said Mr. Cicil; 'for when she heard you was come home, she shed tears with joy.'

'How kind! Miss Cicil, to take such an interest in me,' said Edward. Ellen blushed, and burst into tears.

'Why, Ellen, my dear child, what is the matter with you?' asked her father, in alarm.

'Excuse me,' said Ellen, 'I cannot help it.'

'What can be the matter with Ellen!' said Mary, when Mr. Cicil and his daughter had de-

parted: 'she is grown very melancholy of late.'

'Poor girl!' said Edward, 'she does not look so well as when I last saw her.'

'It would be a dreadful stroke upon her father, were he to lose her,' said Mr. Leicester; 'I never saw a man so bound up in a child as he is in her.'

'I am sure she deserves it,' said Mary, 'for a sweeter-tempered being than Ellen Cicil never existed.'

'She is indeed an amiable girl,' said Edward, 'and I am sorry to see her in such low spirits. I think, Mary, your spirits would be the better of a walk, will you take one with me?'

'With all my heart,' said Mary, tying on her hat.

'Where shall we go?' said Edward, drawing her arm through his.

'Where ever you please,' replied Mary.

'Then let us go to the glen,' said Edward, 'I have a thousand things to say to you.'

'Would you not rather walk by the river-side?'

'I see your kind intention, Mary,' said Edward, 'but I wish to go to the glen. Who lives in the cottage now?'

'Nobody,' replied Mary, 'since Mrs. Dudley went away.'

'Have you ever heard of Anna,' said Edward, with a half-suppressed sigh.

'No,' answered Mary, in a low voice.

'Oh, Mary!' said Edward, 'did I deserve to be treated so? did I not love her more than words can tell, and yet she has left me, left me to misery?'

'Perhaps,' said Mary, weeping, 'her father commanded her.'

'Her father could never have commanded her to write the cold indifferent letter which she wrote.'

'Did she write to you!' said Mary.

'Yes,' replied Edward; 'when I was recovering of my wound, I received the cruel, cruel letter. Read it,' said he, taking it out of his bosom.

'Sir,

'The childish attachment that once subsisted between us is, I trust, as much forgotten on your side, as it is on mine. I give you back your vows, and recall those I gave to you, leaving you at liberty to dispose of yourself as you please. Wishing you health and happiness, I remain, your most obedient servant:

'Anna Aubrey.'

Mary returned the letter in silence.

'Think, Mary,' said Edward, 'of her wishing me happiness, when she knows, too well, that her letter destroyed it for ever.'

'But she is an earl's daughter now, Edward,' said Mary, 'and you are too humble to aspire to her.'

'I know,' said Edward, 'that my birth is far, far beneath hers; yet surely, Mary, she might have wrote different from what she did.'

'She ought to have done so, at least,' answered Mary; 'and I am sure the night before she was claimed by Lord Aubrey, she spoke of you in terms, that would have made any one think she would never have forgotten you.'

'Tell me the circumstances of the discovery,' said Edward.

'I only know a few of the particulars, said Mary, 'but I will tell you what I heard:—'The Earl

of Aubrey had privately married a woman of great beauty, but whose virtue was her only dower. Dreading to incur the displeasure of his friends, by owning his marriage, he kept his wife concealed, in a retired part of ———. They passed for a Mr. and Mrs. Sedly, and she knew no other name, as he had never revealed his rank to her. They had not been married above two years, when the earl's affections cooled towards his lovely wife. He every day grew more indifferent, and at last had the barbarity to desert her altogether; leaving her, and an infant daughter, a prey to poverty and distress. His injured wife did not long survive this cruel treatment: she lived only to bequeath her child to the care of a beloved sister, and then fell a victim to grief and despair. Her sister, Mrs. Dudley, took home the motherless babe, and acted towards it the part of a tender mother. She made many fruitless inquiries after the inhuman father, but not knowing his name, she was obliged to give over the search. She took her deceased sister's maid along with her, and came to reside here.

'About six months after you left us, as Anna and I were one evening sitting in the arbor, at the foot of the glen, Mrs. Dudley entered, leading an elderly gentleman: he looked awhile at Anna, then suddenly catching her in his arms, exclaimed—" Image of my much-loved Anna, come to the arms of thy unworthy father!" — 'Yes, my dear Anna," said Mrs. Dudley, " you now behold your long-lost father in the Earl of Aubrey.' Poor Anna burst into tears, and fell at her father's feet. I bade her good night, and returned home: next morning I called, and found her busily engaged in preparing for a journey.—The earl was in the room all the time I was, consequently I had no opportunity of speaking about you. At parting, Anna promised faithfully to write to me, but I have never received a single line from her.'

'Nor never will, Mary,' said Edward, sighing, 'she has forgotten the humble Leicesters; but how did her father find her out?'

'When the Earl of Aubrey passed through this village,' replied Mary, 'the woman I mentioned passed by the window of the inn; he instantly recognized her, and sent after her; from her he learned where his child was.'

'But would you have believed, Mary,' said Edward, 'that she would have so soon forgotten me? If I had been made a duke, I would not have forgotten her: Heaven knows, that when I wished for some rich spoil to fall to my lot in battle, it was only that I might come home, and share it with Anna.'

'Do you try to forget her,' said Mary; 'you will, perhaps, meet with one you will like as well.'

'Never! never!' returned Edward, 'she has been my first, and she shall be my only love.'

The village clock at that moment chimed three.—'It is my father's dinner hour,' said Mary, 'we will return.'

[*To be continued.*]

LONDON FASHIONS.

1. FULL-dress. — White sarcenet; purple velvet robe, trimmed with swans-down; lemon-colored kid gloves and shoes.

2. Walking dress. — White muslin, bonnet and scarf of shot silk, to correspond.

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

OBSERVING with delight, in your number for last month, an interesting advertisement from a fair correspondent, who styles herself Judith Crabface, I take the liberty of recommending myself to her notice, being well assured that my person and fortune are by no means exceptional. My age is fifty-five, and my being in a state of celibacy to the present period, must not be attributed to a frigid disposition, or want of respect to the fair; on the contrary, I have been incessantly making proposals ever since I attained the age of twenty-four, and the mortifying repulses I have experienced, have nearly driven me to despair. Indeed I was almost sinking under the weight of my afflictions, till seeing in your valuable Miscellany the above-mentioned letter, I thought I might retrieve my character, and get rid of that disgusting epithet, 'an old bachelor.'

As I was to give a faithful account of my person, I proceed: I am about five feet high, but the rotundity of my figure from an uncommon degree of corpulency, gives it the appearance of not being more than four. My limbs are rather unwieldy formed; my legs being what they vulgarly call bandy; my head is very large, but in proportion to the rest of my body, and adorned with an exuberance of silver locks, the disgraceful color of which is artfully concealed by a profusion of powder; my eyes are very small; one I had the misfortune to lose by that cruel disorder the small-pox, which has left the marks of it's ravages in deep pits on my face; that which remains is of a pink hue. The breadth of my face exceeds the length by two inches; I cannot boast of that lively display in my mouth which Miss Crabface does, having nothing but stumps remaining; but that defect is completely hid by the enormous thickness of my lips; my nose and chin, as I have been frequently informed, from their incurvated appearance, resemble that useful article, a pair of nut-crackers. I take snuff, and as I am afflicted with a severe asthma, I make use of a great quantity of tobacco: this disorder frequently obliges me to sit up in bed, wrapped in blankets the whole of the night. My temper is very good; I drink a good deal, but have been so long accustomed to it, that it does not in the least disorder my intellectual, or bodily powers; and, therefore, will not disqualify me from taking care of my amiable partner, when in that situation. My faithful domestic, Timothy, I must retain in my service; he is very attentive and obliging, therefore, I hope, will not be objectionable.

If the lady approve of the above description, she will send her reply to the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

BENJAMIN BEAUTIFUL.

Bachelor's Buildings.

BENEDICT.

A TRUE HISTORY.

[Continued from p. 153.]

RUMINATING upon the motives which could have induced my treacherous cousin to involve two

worthy and industrious people in the censure he had too evidently cast upon my conduct; in melancholy mood I retraced my steps towards the Lodge, hesitating whether I should openly accuse Adolphus with this act of baseness, or defer so doing, until I had an opportunity of vindicating the Morrices and myself from the charge (whatever it might be,) which my insiduous enemy had laid against us. I had not proceeded far, when, turning an oblique corner, I accidentally met George Delemere, with his dogs and gun. I flew towards him, with that animation of countenance and warmth of manner, so natural upom unexpectedly encountering an old and esteemed friend; but instead of my cordiality meeting with a reciprocal return, 'you are well, I hope, sir,' was the reply; and my former warm-heaited friend walked forward, evidently wishing to avoid all futher intercourse.

'Stop, I conjure you, Mr. Delemere!' I exclaimed, with evident emotion; and for Heaven's sake account for this distant reserve of manner! tell me, I beseech you, what I have done to lose that regard I valued beyond the power to express.

As I made this appeal to Delemere's friendship and confidence my voice faltered, and it was with the utmost difficulty, that I was able to restrain my tears.

He paused:—and gazing upon me with a look of pity and affection, said, 'It cannot be true! young as you are to excite envy, yet, from some unknown cause, you have been unfortunate enough to do it.'

'Envy!' I repeated; great God! who can envy an isolated being like myself; without one natural or friendly tie to endear existence. Feeling at this moment completely conquered, resolution and I burst into a flood of tears, which I in vain endeavoured to hide from my sympathizing companion; who, pointing to a style at a little distance, bade me follow him; when, good Heavens! what a tale of iniquity did he unfold! I shall not trespass upon my reader's time to relate every particular; suffice it to inform them, that two anonymous letters had been sent Mrs. Delemere, from Winchester; the first, informing her, that her beneficence to the unfortunate Morrice was ill-bestowed; as from his licentious conduct, in keeping a private E O table, for all the low profligates in and about Winchester, he had been discharged from his late master's employ; and that from drinking to excess, he had brought on symptoms of premature decay. That the sight of of the E O table had captivated my fancy, and that I regularly frequented it every night. The second letter was similar to it, entreating Mrs. Delemere to make my friends acquainted with the precipice on which I tottered; alleging, as an excuse for the trouble the writer gave her, ignorance of their abode; and concluded by saying, that the ruin was likely to extend beyond myself; as an amiable youth, of the name of Pemberton, had by me been introduced into this scene of iniquity and vice.

Scarcely could I restrain the indignation which this too palpable proof of my cousin's depravity, excited; for, that he was the author of these detestable scrolls, did not admit of a doubt; and that he had corroborated the truth

of them to Mrs. Delemere, was equally clear to me; also, that I had been the subject of their conversation at the moment of my unexpected appearance, likewise scruck me as more than probable.

There is doubtless something in the evidence of truth, which carries conviction with it, even to the minds of the prejudiced; for having simply related every circumstance which was connected with my friendship, as it was termed, for the unfortunate Morrices, George Delemere shook me cordially by the hand, declaring I should return home with him, and repeat the same account to his amiable mother.

'But, my dear Henry,' said he, 'as I wish your exculpation to appear as clear to my respected mother as it does to myself, allow me to ask whether there was any foundation for the vile report of the E O table?'

'Yes,' I unhesitatingly replied, 'much more than for any other part of the vile assertion; for the master with whom poor Maurice had been in the habit of working for, was requested, by a friend in town, to make an E O table; and as it was a light job, which the poor fellow could perform without fatigue, he sent him the materials; and I perfectly recollect Maurice was showing me the method of playing at that ruinous game one evening, when Adolphus called, under pretence of informing me that the head master had twice inquired for me; adding, that fearful I might get into disgrace by being absent, he had taken great pains to find me out; little, however, did I suspect the motives by which he was actuated: or the cruel construction he would put upon the poor fellow's ingenuity.'

'Heavenly powers! what baseness and depravity!' exclaimed the noble-minded Delemere, 'such treachery I have heard of in old sinners, but never before in one so young. But come with me, my dear Henry, for I am anxious to see you restored to the place you once possessed in my excellent mother's heart.'

Ah! thought I, valuable to me, as Mrs. Delemere's good opinion is, that of her lovely daughter is still more so; and impatiently do I long to discover whether the insidious Adolphus has rivaled me in her esteem. As we turned into the avenue which led to the house, I had the pleasure of perceiving Sir Charles and Lady Hume's carriage drive out of it, as I should have been shocked on receiving a second cold reception in the presence of total strangers.

Louisa evidently saw us approaching, and I even fancied I could trace pleasure sparkling in her expressive eyes. As we entered the house, the friend of my childhood perceiving my agitation kindly drew my arm under his, saying, 'let only the guilty tremble!' and and in that posture, led, or rather dragged me into the drawing-room.' Approaching his mother with an air of gaiety, and extending my hand to her,—'Receive that as a pledge of sincerity, and uncorrupted truth;' said he. 'But I have such a tale to unfold, as even you, with all your liberality of thinking, will scarcely credit.'

Thus sanctioned by the recommendation of a deserving son, on whom she doated, Mrs. Delemere cordially shook my hand, entreated me to be seated, and the lovely

Louisa instantly offered me a chair.

'Come, Louisa,' continued my friendly champion, 'pray give Henry the symbol of welcome; and then your shall hear not only a marvelous, but a trúe tale.'

With transport unspeakable, I pressed the downy hand extended towards me, and would have given millions, had I possessed them to have pressed it to my lips; but that was a presumption I dared not offer. My kind friend then made his mother acquainted with our accidental interview; described the effect the coldness of his salutation had produced, and the earnest manner in which I had implored him to explain the cause of it; informed her that he had made me acquainted with the purport of the anonymous letters, &c.; then turning to me, said: 'Now, young man, be pleased to repeat to my mother, the whole progress of your intimacy with those vile wretches, as we have been taught to think them, the Maurice's; and if you deviate one iota in the relation, I shall pronounce you a base deceiver, and the delectable author of the two letters, a noble fellow.'

I instantly obeyed my friend's commands, described the exquisite distress which the objects of Mrs. Delemere's former munificence, struggled with, and the motive which had induced me so frequently to visit them, related the circumstance which had given rise to the E O table assertion; and, in short, repeated, nearly in the same words, what I had related to George.

'Honorably acquitted!' exclaimed that amiable young man, rising and clapping me upon the shoulder; then turning to his mother, said, 'well, madam, who may you suspect to have been your liberal-minded correspondent?'

'I know who I suspect,' exclaimed the artless Louisa, in an emphatic tone; 'for I always thought him capable of every baseness!'

'Hush, Louisa! suspicion is at best a degrading sentiment; and one that ought to be excluded from the youthful mind.'

'But, my dearest mother, you have not replied to my question,' continued George, interrupting her.

'Suspicion should ever be confined to the suspector's bosom, George;' replied the amiable Mrs. Delemere; and as I am perfectly convinced of the baseness of the writer's motives, and of the rectitude of your young friend's conduct, I would advise both you and him not to take the slightest notice of these vile scrolls, which have long since been consigned to the place they deserved; though I must confess their contents made too deep an impression upon my mind: a circumstance which I doubly lament, now I find the objects of my former benevolence did not merit a discontinuance of it. I rejoice, however, that no length of time has elapsed since I sent the worthy Maurice a proof of my regard; but I will endeavour to compensate for the folly of my credulity, by doubling my annual boon.'

The entrance of a party put an end to this interesting conversation; and the striking of the clock warned me of the length of time I had been absent from the lodge. A general invitation, in some degree, compensated for the pain I felt at parting, and George kindly offered to accom-

pany me part of the way home. To that generous friend, I unhesitatingly disclosed my opinion of the author of those detestable epistles, which were likely to have proved so destructive to my happiness, in which he perfectly coincided; yet reminded me of his mother's advice, not to take the slightest notice of their contents. He entreaed me to repeat my visit as frequently as I could; but informed me that I must not expect a return, as he despised Talbut too heartily, to enter any house of which he called himself lord.

Upon taking leave of my steady friend, my thoughts naturally turned towards my pretended one; and that the motive by which he had been actuated, was jealousy, scarcely admitted of a doubt. That the gentle and amiable Louisa had, from the days of childhood, displayed a partiality towards me, my delighted heart acknowleged; but whether that proceeded from real affection, or sympathy for my forlorn and isolated situation in the great chain of human existence, could not so easily be discovered.

Wholly absorbed in these reflections, I observed not the approach of Adolphus; against whom I actually stumbled, as he had placed himself in my path.

'Our lordly Turk,' said he, alternately honors us with the office of summoning each other into his august presence: you were deputed to shorten my visit to the idol of my affection; and I in turn, am sent to command your immediate presence.'

Endeavouring to veil my detestation under the appearance of civility, for cordiality would have been impossible, I said, 'But what great secret had the great man to import, Adolphus, which required your immediate presence? and have I, allow me to ask, any connexion with it?'

'No,' replied Adophus; 'love! all-powerful love! was the subject of our conversation, of which you are too young to know any thing; but Talbut has just received a letter from London, the contents of which concern you; though he mentioned the name of your former champion, Mr. Montgomery.'

The singularity of that respected man's conduct had always struck me as a most singular circumstance, as he had professed to feel for me all the fondness of a father. Yet I had been told, had died without making any will; how then was I to account for the intelligence Adolphus imparted, that one of the trustees of that will, had just written to the greatest enemy I ever had?

I, however, obeyed the summons, and flew to the library, where, in a large morocco chair of my deceased uncle's, sat the new lord of Belmont Lodge.

'Be seated, young man,' said he, in a tone of voice soft as the music of the spheres, compared to that in which I had been accustomed to hear it since the time he had announced himself master of Belmont Lodge. 'I have,' continued he, 'just received a letter from a gentleman, which gives me reason to suppose Mr. Montgomery did not die without a will, and that you, my dear Henry, have not been forgotten by that attached and worthy friend. Yet, as the law will not permit you to claim the property which may, or may not, have been bequeathed you, until the age of twenty-one, I mean to give you the most une-

quivocal proof of my friendship, by removing all fatigue and trouble from your shoulders to my own; but a certain form will be necessary, and you must appoint me as your acting guardian.'

'Guardian Sir!' I repeated, 'was not Mr. M'Donald as well as Mr. Montgomery left guardian to me? for I perfectly recollect both those gentlemen being summoned to the Lodge upon my respected uncle's death.'

A glow of indignation overspread the features of the deceptious Talbut, yet conquering the sudden impulse of resentment, he replied, 'you have forgotten, my dear fellow, that your uncle died without a will: both gentlemen were friends of your deceased relation, but neither received any authority from him to act in your affairs; therefore you have no guardian, unless you choose to accept the disinterested proposal I now make.'

'May I be permitted, sir, to see the letter which gives you reason to suppose Mr. Montgomery did not die intestate?' said I, rising from my seat and approaching Talbut.

'The letter,' he replied, 'is a confidential one, and from a particular friend; not from an attorney, or you should see it; however, my dear boy, I will efface those parts which are not connected with the subject in question, and you shall peruse it: we will then take a drive to Windsor, and consult with Mr. ——— upon the form of law necessary for you to sign, before I can act in your behalf. Order the carriage to be ready in an hour, but say not a word of this affair to Mrs. Talbut.' Then graciously giving me a nod to depart, I saw him take a letter from his pocket, and begin effacing some of the lines.

The situation of my mind at that moment was truly pitiable. To put myself in the power of a man whom I had so much reason to despise, was drawing down misery upon my own head; yet how to refuse an offer which appeared to proceed from kindness, without incurring resentment, I knew to be impossible. No friend had I to consult! not a being whom I could confide in! At that moment I beheld the worthy Mrs. Johnson crossing the lawn: I flew towards her as to my guardian angel, repeated all I had heard, and implored her to direct me how to act.

'O, my dear, dear master Henry!' said the worthy woman, embracing my hand, 'would to heaven you had some better advisers than I can be; yet, let me conjure you never either to put your fortune or your happiness into the power of that vile man! think what your aunt has suffered! think ......' Here the worthy woman was prevented from proceeding by Mrs. Talbut's approaching us; and scarcely had the salutation of the day passed between them, when a groom belonging to Sir Charles Hume rode up to my aunt, and taking off his hat, said, his master had heard Mr. Talbut wished to purchase a riding-horse, and, as Sir Charles intended to dispose of the one the servant was then mounted upon, had sent it over for Mr. T—'s inspection.

Mr. Talbut, it seems, had, a few days before our return from Winchester, lost a very fine mare, and had not a riding-horse in the stable: a servant was immediately sent to him, to say a groom of Sir Charles Hume's was desirous of

showing him a horse. Talbut instantly attended the summons, examined the animal with true jockey-like attention, and inquiring the price, to which he did not make any objection, desired the groom to display his different paces.

All the party appeared no less interested than the intended purchaser of the beautiful animal; and the servant having galloped, cantered, trotted, and walked the horse several times round the grounds, Mr. Talbut expressed a desire of mounting him, and desired the footman to bring his boots, whip, and spurs.

'Sir,' said the groom, 'horses are like human creatures; some are to be managed one way, some by another; and though it grieves me to part with this poor fellow, that I have had under my care since a colt, yet I cannot help saying he has his faults. You may guide him, sir, almost with a cob-web, if you be but kind to him; but he is the very devil himself if you touch him with whip or spurs.'

'Do not suppose I require any instruction, young man, in the art of horsemanship,' said Talbut in a consequential tone of voice; 'and I defy the most spirited of the animal creation to dislodge me from my seat.'

'I beg your honor's pardon,' rejoined the groom; 'I meant no offence, I assure you, but only to tell you that our Gimcrack will neither bear spurs or whip; yet, as I said before, he is as gentle as a turtle, if you do not attempt using them.'

'You shall see what he will bear, my honest fellow,' exclaimed Talbut, vaulting with a degree of confidence upon the saddle, and sticking his spurs into the sides of the poor animal; both were out of sight in the course of a few seconds.

'Great God!' exclaimed my aunt, terrified at the rapidity with which the animal bounded from her sight.

'The Lord be praised that I gave him timely notice!' rejoined Sir Charles's astonished servant, turning up his eyes; 'for some sad accident will happen!'

'How could your master think of sending such a vicious creature to Mr. Talbut?' demanded my aunt in an angry tone of voice.

'Vicious! my lady," repeated the poor fellow; 'why, as I said before, he is as gentle as a lamb; but Sir Charles was fearful some of our young gentlemen might be apt to make use of their whips and spurs, and so, to prevent any accident, he thought it better to part with the horse; but who would have supposed that a man like Mr. Talbut would not have had more discretion than schoolboys: howsomedever, let what will happen, madam, no one can say that I am to blame.'

Transfixed to the spot, the alarmed party remained for some moments, anxiously expecting Mr. Talbut's return. Apprehension seemed to have deprived every creature of the power of utterance: at length my aunt exclaimed—'Will no one pursue him?' Though no eye beamed with anxious apprehension, the coachman and Sir Charles's groom each mounted a coach-horse, and set off in different directions; whilst Adolphus and myself darted forward by two different roads.

It was not pity, it was not apprehension which made my bosom palpitate with dread; but that in-

ward kind of horror which takes possession of the mind at the bare idea of beholding a fellow-creature, mangled and bleeding from some fatal accident! I ran, or rather flew, in various directions, ascending every elevated spot of land, and straining my eyes to retrace the steps of the swift courser, who must evidently have fled with the fleetness of the wind!—Breathless from haste, and exhausted by exertion, a violent spasm in my side prevented me from moving; when throwing myself down upon a bank, I offered up a silent ejaculation to heaven, to protect and save the imprudent man! I had remained in that situation about three minutes, when the clattering steps of a horse roused me from my recumbent position; the pain in my side suddenly vanished, and I started upon my feet.

The animal at that moment sprang over the hedge which divided us, and in a few moments was out of sight; but alas! without rider to guide him, or impede his rapid flight: I instantly forced a passage through a hedge, which at another time would have appeared impenetrable, and reflecting which way I had heard the sound of the animal's feet, again darted forward until nearly breathless, when my progress was impeded by the most melancholy of sights! bathed in that blood which had evidently issued from the vitals, the hapless Talbut lay! his face almost hid by a heap of stones, on which the infuriate animal had thrown him, and no longer capable of feeling the acute anguish of pain!

I untied his cravat, ran to a adjoining brook for water; an ample quantity of which I brought in my hat, and sprinkled in the departed man's face, loudly calling for assistance, with a voice strong as a stentor: a few moments convinced me that human assistance was vain; and leaving the ill-fated Talbut, I made the best of my way to the Lodge. At the extremity of the park I met my aunt and the worthy Mrs. Johnson, the paleness of my countenance, or rather the horror which was impressed upon it, too plainly told the melancholy tale! my poor aunt, catching me by the arm, exclaimed, 'Dearest Henry, does the unfortunate Talbut yet exist?'

'He is senseless, my dear aunt,' I replied; 'but, Johnson, for God's sake! send some of the servants, and I will conduct them to the fatal spot.'

'Rather send instantly to Windsor for a surgeon,' said my terrified aunt;—at that moment one of the servants, who had been in pursuit of his master, rode up to us with intelligence that his pursuit had been vain.

Over the scene which followed I shall draw a veil; merely informing my readers that the surgeon, who had been summoned, corroborated my opinion, that the ill-fated man expired at the moment he fell; as he had pitched upon a large stone which was actually indented between his stomach and his chest; and so violent had been the force, that it had broken several internal vessels, as the blood continued to gush out of his mouth, even after he was removed to the Lodge.

If self could have predominated at the moment I first discovered the ill-fated Talbut, I might have searched his pockets for the letter, which a short time before I

had been so desirous of reading; but every interested thought vanished from my mind at the sight which presented itself; and left only pity and commiseration for the unhappy man!

Few persons, I believe, ever died so little lamented; decency of course compelled my aunt to put on weeds; yet could her heart have been laid open to inspection, no symptom of sorrow would have been traced.—I do not make this observation for the purpose of condemning Mrs. Talbut, for she could not lament the death of a man whom she had long ceased to esteem; yet the farcical display of grief she put on, rendered her ridiculous, not only in mine, but all her acquaintance' eyes.

The sudden decease of the man, whom from courtesy I called uncle, prevented me from availing myself of Mrs. Delemere's invitation for some time; but a few day's after the funeral, I soon directed my steps towards the grove. Mrs. Delemere's and my aunt's grounds were only divided by two beautiful meadows, and a meandering rivulet; over which was a light Chinese bridge, terminated by a little gate which led into the former lady's plantation, which of course was always locked. Strolling over these meadows, for the purpose of making a circuit, and entering at the front of the house, I accidently espied Louisa walking beside of the rivulet, intent upon a book.

I hesitated for some moments whether I should venture to accost her; but the delight of a téte-a-téte was too gratifying to be withstood, and I pretended to be seized with a fit of coughing, the sound naturally attracted her eyes from the book.—

'Is it you Henry!' she exclaimed, in a voice of pleasure; 'I beg your pardon, Mr. —— for using your christian name, but I was so accustomed to that familiar appellation when you were a boy, that I forgot at the moment you are no longer to be considered in that light.'

'And am I not a boy in years, though a man in stature, Miss Delemere,' I answered, approaching the little gate; 'but young or old, do me the favor of never accosting me by any other name; at the present moment, however, I must appear as a mendicant, and entreat permission to enter, or I must at least take a half mile circuit before I can pay my addresses to Mrs. Delemere.

'You are a bold beggar,' said Louisa, smiling, 'for you seem to claim my compassion, instead of soliciting it;' then as if she was sensible she was going to be guilty of an impropriety, she added, 'I know not whether my mother will approve my opening it;'—at that moment she espied her brother, who, springing forward with the eagerness of friendship, demanded the key from his sister.

The conversation naturally turned upon the melancholy accident which had so recently happened, but the amiable Louisa soon directed it to the unfortunate Maurices: 'Suffer me,' said I, 'Miss Delemere, to ask whether Adolphus was not endeavouring to degrade me in your opinion, when I unexpectedly entered the other morning?'

'I do not consider that a fair question,' replied Louisa; 'should you entertain a good opinion of any person who betrayed private conversation?'

'There are certain circum-

stances which authorise it, my dear Miss Delemere; but I consider my question completely answered.'

'Remember the advice my mother gave you, Henry,' said George Delemere.

'I shall always remember any advice your respected mother condescends to give,' I replied; and then related what had passed on the morning of the fatal accident respecting Mr. Montgomery's will; entreating my friend to advise me how I ought to act.

Few young men of George Delemere's age were so capable of giving advice as himself; yet as true merit is always diffident of it's own abilities, he desired me to consult his respected parent, who advised me to make my aunt acquainted with the conversation which had passed between her husband and myself, not doubting but she would deliver up the letter which had been written by one of the parties concerned in Mr. Montgomery's affairs.

Several days, however, had elapsed before I had an opportunity of introducing the subject, as Mrs. Talbut and her son Adolphus were actually invisible to the whole family; so deeply were they engaged in looking over papers, and examining family deeds.

'Strange indeed!' said Mrs. Talbut, when the desired opportunity occurred of speaking to her on the subject nearest my heart, 'that no vestige of this extraordinary letter should have been found! for my son and self have carefully examined every individual paper belonging to poor Mr. Talbut!'

'I should have thought it much more strange if it had,' rejoined Adolphus, who now assumed all the consequential airs of master of the family.

'What do you mean, sir?' I demanded, in a tone equally haughty.

'It requires no explanation, sir, neither shall I condescend to give it,' replied Adolphus, turning upon his heel, and darting out of the room. Finding that all my endeavours to obtain any knowlege of this extraordinary business were likely to prove unavailing, I looked to the time of returning to Winchester with a mixture of pleasure and pain; though the latter sensation was merely excited by a dread that Adolphus during my absense, might again undermine me in the opinion of those friends whose esteem was so essential to my happiness. I took leave, however, of Mrs. Delemere and her lovely daughter, without venturing to express my fears; and had not been more than two months at Winchester, when I received a cold epistle from my aunt, informing me that a violent cough had settled on the lungs of her darling son, for which the physician had ordered change of clime; in consequence of which she had determined to let the Lodge for two or three years, and accompany the object of her affection to Lisbon and the Madeira isles. The letter concluded by saying, that this arrangement must of course confine me to Winchester until her return; but that she had written to Dr. D—— to supply me with my usual allowance, and to draw upon her banker, both for that and my board.

[*To be continued.*]

page 5 of vol 1811

Account of the Alligators of the Mississipi.

(From Ashe's Travels in America.)

AFTER leaving the mouth of of the Orcansas, I had nothing to remark but the great number of islands which continued to intercept the navigation of the Mississipi till I came to a place known by the name of the 'Grand Lake,' which is ninety miles from the Orkansas, the point of my last departure.

The Grand Lake, to my astonishment, I found destitute of water. It was formerly the bed of the river; but being abandoned by it, from some incomprehensible cause, it is now filled with willows, and makes a very extraordinary appearance, which is considerably heightened by an island standing in the centre, ornamented with trees. The island and trees stand so much above the willows growing in the bed of the lake, that the character of the lake and island is as conspicuous as if the one still received the contents of the river, and the other was actually surrounded by water. The willows mark all the limits of the old flood, discover all the antient sinnosities and heads of the banks, and show the figure, extent, and height of the island to the most minute perfection. Before the morning fog was dissipated, I was witness to a very fine phenomenon. The willows not being higher than the surface of the former water, perhaps not so high, retain the fog in the original, giving it the exact resemblance of the new river, and making it doubtful what course to take.

The entry to the 'Grand Lake' is now a sand-bar, in which are firmly fixed trees, beams, stumps, and logs, and the sortie is in like manner choked up and covered with willows and shrubs. It is several miles in circumference, and three directly across.

Below the Grand Lake, and after passing several islands clothed with cotton-wood, I found the river perfectly straight by a stretch of thirteen miles, and of a very majestic appearance. At the extremity is an island worn to the compass of a few acres, by the constant attrition of the current against both it's sides. It is ornamented by about a dozen trees. The time cannot be far remote when this little interesting miniature will be obliterated from the face of the earth, and sink under the surface of the water which it once embellished with so much grace and picturesque beauty. Throughout this great water, this Father of Floods as the Indians call it, in some places islands are seen sinking into annihilation; and in others they are exhibited through all the stages of their rise, expanse, verdure, and formation. Of the three hundred islands in the Mississipi, fifty have been created by nature since it's first discovery by M. la Salle, and others are forming in a manner as perceptible as any work can be to the eyes. The system pursued is simply this: when the river is in a low state, the sand-bars take up and retain the trees, logs, roots, branches, and shrubs, which float continually down the current. Among these the water deposits a quantity of mud, in which seeds, wafted by the wind, and plants, conveyed by the stream, germinate and assist in binding the infant soil. Succeeding years per-

form the same operation with similar effects, till the bars assume the rank of islands, and grow to several hundred acres in extent. The river then contains islands of two distinct kinds, and formed from different intentions, and in a widely different manner: The first I have just described, and the second owe their origin to the sudden convulsions which rent on the bed of the river, and left insulated spots here and there standing; or else to their being separated by currents, which often occur to force a passage through the land, and thereby effect their own union, and form islands. The most cursory observer may distinguish the one description of islands from the other. Those that proceed from the gradual deposit of foreign matter on sand-bars, have a deep mould, composed of river sediment and decayed vegetable substances, which seldom produces wood of any other growth than cotton, aspen, poplar and willows; whereas those which have been suddenly rent from the main land, or separated from it by the continued action of the water, or successive inundations, have a fine soil over a stiff blue clay, and are richly clothed with forest timber of the greatest magnitude, and most valuable character; these latter islands are sensibly wasting away, while the others are increasing in extent.

A few miles below the little island, at the centre of the long reach, I passed a cypress-bend of sixteen miles sweep. Such is the disposition of the river to find a passage through some portion of it, that my boat had to be worked the whole way to keep her from dragging along the shore. It is the most laborious piece of navigation I have yet experienced on the river. Weary with excess of toil, I had to put to under a willow bank, before the day was quite expired, as I durst not cross the mouth of a bayean, the vortex of which I heard roaring at no great distance, till we were all refreshed and restored. Having moored the boat in security, taken a repast, and guarded ourselves as well as we could against the attack of musquitos, bugs, ants, spiders and flies, we lay down to rest soon after sunset, and fell into a sound and refreshing sleep. I had enjoyed it for two or three hours, when I was started up by the most lamentable cries that ever assailled the human ear. The men and I instantly assembled on the roof of the boat to distinguish whence the accents came, and to afford assistance, if in our power. But they issued from so many directions, and expressed such a variety and number of persons afflicted with the deepest grief, that our reason and judgement were dissipated in wild conjecture, and we remained ignorant of the wretched sufferers, and of the dreadful cause of their complaint. It could not be Indians affecting distress, to seduce us on shore, and there put us to death; it could be the crews of wrecked boats weeping and wailing their forlorn fate! repeatedly we demanded of each other what it then could be? We hearkened, sometimes the cries sank into the feeble plaints of expiring infancy, and again gradually rose into the full and melancholy swell of an adult, tortured by friends destitute of mercy and humanity. The lamentations, turn by turn, touched every string capable to vibrate excess of misery, and denoted the variety of sorrow,

incident to individuals from the loss of health, friends, fortune and relatives. Above all they denoted calamity in the act of supplicating relief in the strong language of sobs, sighs, and tears, and modes of inexpressible anguish and length. What were we to judge of such proceedings? How were we to act? No assistance could be afforded to distress so unknown, and so diffuse. To fly the place was impossible, and to remain in it as tremendous as death. To attempt to sleep still more absurd. We walked on the roof of the boat till the cries multiplied and increased in a manner at once to shock the senses and deafen the ears. This violent outcry was followed by plunges in the water, and a rustling among the trees, which at length explained the objects of our dismay and apprehensions. They were a host of alligators. We discovered them plainly swimming along-side the boat, and running along the shore, where they uttered the piercing cries and heart-rending moans which originally excited my attention and terror. Having given up all thoughts of rest, I prepared arms, and watched for a favorable opportunity of killing one of the creatures. It soon presented itself. A large animal, attracted by the scent of the living objects in the boat, swam repeatedly round it, as if searching for means of success, and had the audacity to raise his head considerably above the water, in order to make his observations more true. At that propitious juncture we all three fired in the direction of his under jaw and throat. He made an immediate flounce in the water, roared as loud as thunder, and rushed ashore directly below my boat. He there expired in dreadful agony, as could be understood from hideous bellowings and the violence with which he beat himself against the banks. After his monstrous death, the noise of the other animals ceased, and I heard none but very low and plaintive cries issuing from several voices in deep distress, so low that they with difficulty reached the ear, and so plaintive that they could not but reach the heart. The dawn disclosed the cause of this lamentation, which never ceased throughout the night. On going on shore, I found the alligator I had killed attended by sixteen or seventeen young ones, who were solicitously engaged about the dead body, running over it and around it, in great agitation, and whining and moaning, because they discovered it without animation, and destitute of all symptoms of life. Though somewhat affected by such a spectacle, I ordered the men to assist, and secure me if possible some of the young ones, and convey them into my boat. We succeeded in taking three. They are about two feet long each, and have beautiful blue eyes with an expression extremely soft and sensible. The mother, for it seems it is a female, we killed; is nineteen feet in length, counting the head, which is three feet long, and five feet in circumference. The jaws, which extend the whole length of the head, are furnished with two large conical tusks, as white as ivory. The upper jaw only moves: the scales are as hard as iron: the shape is that of a lizard.

Speaking generally, and from the best authority, the alligators of the Mississipi are from twelve

to twenty-four feet in length: their bodies are covered with horny plates or scales, which are impenetrable to a rifle ball, except about their heads, and just behind their forelegs where they are vulnerable. The head of a full grown alligator is more than three feet long. The eyes are small, and the whole head, in the water, appears, at a distance, like a piece of rotten floating wood. The upper jaw only moves, and this they raise so as to form a right angle with the lower one. They open their mouths while they lie basking in the sun, on the banks of rivers and creeks, and when filled with all manner of insects, they suddenly let fall their upper jaw, with surprising noise, and thus secure their prey. The tusks, which are not covered by any skin or lips, give the animal a frightful appearance. In the spring, which is their season for breeding, they make a most hideous and terrifying roar, resembling the sound of distant thunder.

The alligator is an oviparous animal: their nests, which are commonly built on the margin of some lake, creek, or river, at the distance of from fifteen to twenty yards from high water, are in the form of an obtuse cone, about four feet high, and from four to five in diameter at their basis. They are constructed with a sort of mortar, blended with grass and herbage. First they lay a floor of this composition, on which they deposit a layer of eggs, and in this manner, one stratum upon another, nearly to the top of the nest. They lay from one hundred to two hundred eggs in a nest. These are hatched by the heat of the sun, assisted by the fermentation of the vegetable mortar in which they are deposited. The female carefully watches her own nest of eggs till they are all hatched. She then takes her brood under her care, and leads them about the shores as a hen does her chickens, and is equally courageous in defending them in time of danger. When she lies basking on the warm banks with her brood around her, the young ones may be heard whining and crying in the manner of young infants. The old feed on the young alligators, till they get so large that they cannot make a prey of them; so that, fortunately, but few of the brood survive the age of a year. They are fond of the flesh of dogs and hogs, which they devour whenever they have an opportunity. Their principal food is fish. They retire into their dens, which they form by burrowing far into the ground, commencing under water, and working upwards, and there remain in a torpid state during the winter. The carrion vulture also destroys multitudes of alligators, which would otherwise render the country uninhabitable.

Much has been said of the crocodile's deceitful tears. Returned to my boat and departed, I carefully watched to discover whether the melancholy cries of my young alligators were accompanied with tears. I can assert they are not—nor does any moisture whatever fill the eye, though the plaints are piteous to the most distressing degree. Food appeases their distress. When they lament aloud, I give them the entrails and livers of fowls, which they are most fond of, and they immediately cease. They are very vicious; they at times make a sudden snap at my fingers, and once bit the leg of my

dog, since which time he keeps at a good distance from them. Perhaps he sets an example which I ought to imitate; but I am determined to rear them up, and bring them with me to England.

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

THE following interesting piece of Biography from Carlyle's celebrated work on Arabian poetry, will, I doubt not, prove acceptable to your fair readers, more particularly when they are informed that the unfortunate Jaafar, was the same person as the Vizir Giafer, so often mentioned in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, as the friend, the companion, and the adviser of the magnanimous, though inexorable, Caliph Haroun Alrashid,

I am
with great respect,
yours,
Orientalis.

London, May 3, 1810.

THE FALL OF THE BARMECIDES.

THE family of Barmec was one of the most illustrious in the east. They were descended from the antient kings of Persia, and possessed immense wealth: they derived still greater consequence from the favor which they enjoyed at the court of Bagdad, where for many years they filled the highest offices of the state with universal approbation.

The first of this family who distinguished himself at Bagdad was Yahia Ben Khaled, a person endowed with every virtue and talent that could render a character complete. He had four sons, Fadhel, Jaafer, Mohammed, and Musa, none of whom showed themselves unworthy of such a father. Yahia was chosen by the Khaliph Mahadi to be governor to his son Haroun Alrashid, and when Haroun succeeded to the Khaliphat, he appointed Yahia to be his grand vizir. This dignity he held for some years, and when increasing infirmities obliged him to resign it, the Khaliph conferred it upon his second son Jaafer.

Jaafer's abilities were formed to adorn every situation; independent of his hereditary virtues, he was the most admired writer and the most eloquent speaker of his age; and during the time he was in office, he displayed at once the accuracy of a man of business, and the comprehensive ideas of a statesman.

But the brilliancy of Jaafer's talents rendered him more acceptable to his master in the capacity of companion, than in that of a minister. Haroun resolved therefore, that state affairs should no longer deprive him of the pleasure he derived from Jaafer's society, and accordingly made him relinquish his post, and appointed his brother Fadhel, a man of severer manners, grand vizir in his room.

For seventeen years the two brothers were all-powerful in Bagdad and throughout the empire; but as it often happens in the east, their authority was over-

turned in a moment, and their whole house involved in ruin.

The disgrace and consequent ill treatment of the Barmecides throw an eternal stain upon the memory of Alrashid; and the causes to which they are attributed seem so vague and romantic, that we can scarce imagine a prince like Haroun could ever have been actuated by such motives, to commit such enormities.

The reason of their disgrace most generally received, is as follows:

The Khaliph had a sister called Abassa, of whom he was passionately fond, and whose company he preferred to every thing but the conversation of Jaafer.

These two pleasures he would fain have joined together, by carrying Jaafer with him in his visits to Abassa, but the laws of the Haram, which forbad any one except a near relation being introduced there, made that impossible, and he was obliged either to be absent either from his sister, or from his favorite. At length he discovered a method, which he hoped would enable him to enjoy, at the same time, the society of these two persons who were so dear to him. This was to unite Jaafer and Abassa in marriage. They were married accordingly; but with this express condition, that they should never meet except in the presence of the Khaliph.

Their interviews, however, were very frequent, and as neither could be insensible to the amiable qualities which the other possessed, a mutual affection took place between them. Blinded by their passion, they forgot the Khaliph's injunction, and the consequences of their intercourse were but too apparent. Abassa was delivered of a son, whom they privately sent to be educated at Mecca. For some time their amour was concealed from Alrashid; but the Khaliph having at length received intelligence of it, he gave way to his rage, and determined to take the most severe revenge. In consequence of this cruel resolution, he immediately ordered Jaafer to be put to death, and the whole race of Barmec to be deprived of their possessions and thrown into prison. These orders were obeyed; Jaafer was beheaded in the antichamber of the royal apartment, whither he had come to request an interview with the implacable Haroun, and his father and brothers perished in confinement.

Some of the consolatory words which Yahia delivered to his unfortunate family, whilst they were in prison, are preserved by Ben Shonah: 'Power and wealth,' said the venerable old man, 'were but a loan with which fortune intrusted us; we ought to be thankful that we have enjoyed these blessings so long, and we ought to console ourselves for their loss, by the reflection that our fate will afford a perpetual example to others of their instability.'

The fall of the house of Barmec was considered as a general calamity; by their courtesy, their abilities, and their virtues, they had endeared themselves to every one; and according to an oriental writer, they enjoyed the singular felicity of being beloved as much when in the plenitude of their power, as in a private station; and of being praised as much

after their disgrace and ruin, as when they were at the summit of their prosperity.

The following pathetic stanzas commemorate this melancholy catastrophe.

No, Barmec! Time hath never shown
So sad a change of wayward fate;
Nor sorrowing mortals ever known
A grief so true, a loss so great.

Spouse of the world! thy soothing breast
Did balm to every woe afford;
And now no more by thee caress'd,
The widow'd world bewails her lord.

On the DIFFERENCE of CHARACTER between MAN and WOMAN.

(*From a Treatise on the Passions illustrative of the Human Mind*—by a Lady.)

WHAT will be said on this subject is meant in a general sense; but individual exceptions form no theory, therefore we shall not mention them.

Man is possessed of more force both of mind and body than woman: hence result many characteristic differences, which all owe their origin to the same cause. Finding their superiority, (for when did human nature ever resist such a temptation?) they have made use of it by appropriating to themselves almost all knowlege—the real sceptre of the world—they engross property, and take exclusive possession of those pursuits which enlarge and give vigor to the mind. Women are thus rendered weaker more by custom than by nature.

In those countries where the natives are not sufficiently civilized to make the distinction between male and female avocations, there does not appear that glaring disparity which is observable where science has widened the gap. But though women are not seen in all the energy of which they are capable, yet if equality of education and power were allowed them, there is strong reason to suppose that they would not be equal to men.

We are told in sacred writ, that the dominion of the earth, and all that moves upon the face thereof, is given to man. The order of nature confirms this appointment; reason makes him superior to brutes; greater strength, corporeal and mental, proclaims him the indefeasible lord of woman. But human nature being full of imperfection, the possession of power has tempted him to retain and exercise it with a severe jealousy. Conscious that they exclude women from whatever is great, they habitually regard them as slaves.

It is an infallible law of nature that those who injure, either hate or despise the object. Hence the contempt and acrimony with which men speak of women. Whatever adulation may be paid by individuals, whenever a man, fraught with all the majesty of authorship, sits down to write on woman, it is invariably with open severity, or sly ridicule. Names need not be mentioned; to do that would be to enumerate every one who has ever written on the subject; whilst none appears on the other side. Did Milton mean his curious unnatural description of woman as a compliment? he has exposed himself mor than those who indulge in open abuse. When

men think on women ideally, they go beyond all reason, and form theories from their own wishes. They want them to possess the most opposite, the most inconsistent perfections; but nature shuns inconsistencies, and omitting to realize them in the plan of her works, leaves them to the dreams of fanciful mortals.

Man cares not how reserved women are to others, nor how unreserved they are to himself; therefore when he comes to speak how he would have them be, he is perpetually embroiling his judgement with his fancy. At one time he describes them as being all power and dignity, commanding awe and restraining presumption; that is, when he thinks on the approaches of other men: at another time he describes them as all softness, love, meekness, &c. that is, when he thinks on his approach. But, in the name of natural reason, how can the same person comprehend the most positive and the most negative qualities? Will the same being be formed of energy to command even involuntary awe, of force, to restrain the most ardent presumption, and, when convenience requires, also display the tamest submission, perfect and willing subjection, and be unconscious that they have a will of their own?

If men will have women possess so much majesty and authority as to command, restrain, and overawe at one time, they must expect a little of that habit of command to remain with them at all times; for there never yet was a horse that was both strong and weak, swift and slow; nor a woman that was both majestic and humble, commanding and submissive, overawing and meek. Meekness is always meekness; and not sometimes meekness and sometimes authority. It may be said that none are more merciful than the brave, and that there is not a wider space between meekness and dignity than between the soft impulse of generosity and heroism but it is a mistake; the conqueror who spares, spares like a king; it is an act of empire: he is deeply conscious of his own superiority, and therefore he believes himself able to bestow. The impulse is generous, but it is strong; there is no inconsistency in it; it is the same heroism that dares to suffer a foe to live, that dared to conquer him. When courage has combined with generosity, it is still courage; but when meekness has become authority, there is a transition that banishes the former, because it's nature is so distinct, that it cannot associate with it. Meekness is no longer authoritative, nor authority meek; but courage may be generous, and generosity may be courageous.

But there is nothing but incongruities in the theories which men frame respecting women. When Adam finds himself alone in the creation, Milton makes him complain of the want of rational society, and puts these words into his mouth:—

"Amongst unequals, what society?"

By this, wishing to infer that man is really capable of a generous and noble wish to consort with intelligence; yet when Providence, in it's bounty, bestows on him an adapted and appropriate companion, made only so much weaker than himself as was requisite to produce the sweetest harmony of dependence and pro-

tection, he cannot help betraying the inward jealousy he feels, and thus expresses himself:

"By nature her the inferior;'

and then confesses that he sacrifices his understanding to this inferior thing, alleging that in her presence wisdom seems folly. Does this accord with the idea of a rational companion? If she was so inferior that—"in her presence sense sunk discountenanced," poor Adam was just where he was, among the brutes, and got no companion at all. Yet we are expressly told, that the Almighty formed woman to be a help meet unto man. What shall we do with this authority if the fact will not answer it? and why will not the fact answer it? Truly, because man is jealous of the partnership of woman, and would rather she were his slave; therefore he endeavours to degrade her whenever he speaks of her; and succeeds in degrading himself.

Surely it had better become Milton, and it would better become all men, to allow that Providence has graciously constituted his companion worthy of his nobler reason, and that it is no degradation to treat her as the friend of his understanding; worthy to divide with him his honors; returning love for protection. Without this sentiment the creation would be an unmeaning blank at the very point where it is most capable of being crowned with beauty. The birds have mates, and pass their lives in love; the beasts of the field know their kind, and dwell in harmony; in the midst of this universal happiness, is it reasonable to suppose that man alone is left unmated? or that all other things being equal, he alone is provided with an unequal, with whom he can hold no rational intercourse, and who must remain for ever at a distance from his mind? No; the birds and the beasts are happy after their nature, but yielding to the superior nature of man, leave him to exercise dominion over all, and perfect the last scene of the creation, the climax of all all earthly harmonies—the rational friendship of man and woman.

The satire in which men indulge against woman is undistinguishing, unargumentative, and intolerant. They point out nothing radical in the character, which nature and experience warrant; but content themselves with assertions, which are to be passed by the credit of their own testimony; and betray a spite which they would very gladly lay to the exclusive charge of the women. Conscious that women approach too near an equality to them, to leave them without apprehensions of rivalship in that dominion they are determined to appropriate, they cannot forbear taking every opportunity of casting obloquy on them. It is but too true that the present mode of education makes them almost what men insinuate nature makes them; yet where one of their philipics arises from a really superior mind, disgusted at frivolity, a hundred of them owe their origin to ill-nature and disappointment. For men who speak with peculiar bitterness of women are often objects of compassion, and under the mask of virulence and satire indulge the broken-hearted resentment of experienced cruel-

ty. In the midst of all this illiberality, it forms a deep and signal triumph to woman, that she is never heard to retort. Women of abilities there certainly are, but none of them ever prostituted their talents to abusing the creature whom heaven has appointed for their consolation and companionship in this earthly pilgrimage. Charlotte Wolsteneroft is the only authoress in whose works we meet with any thing like severity against man, and she has confined her criticisms to one class, and pointed out their failings with a great deal of philosophy and just reasoning.

When any historian finds himself obliged to relate great and noble actions of a female—for many females have adorned history with great and noble actions—he consoles himself with the phrases 'masculine virtue,' 'manly understanding;' thereby insinuating that such women are to be regarded as *lusus naturæ*, for that naturally they have no virtues or understanding; and therefore when they happen, notwithstanding, to display unquestionable proofs of both, to elucidate so puzzling a deviation, they must be called 'masculine' and 'manly:' but as facts were never yet altered by words, there is no doubt that the virtues and understanding which those women displayed at the throne of retribution will be fully ascribed to their ownselves, without the participation of any men or man whatever; nay, it is much to be feared that they will lose the epithet of 'masculine and manly.' It is very probable the men will then be forced to assume only what really belongs to them, and leave women in possession of what Providence in it's bounty has granted to them.

The jealousy with which men regard women is one of the deepest stains in their character; it betokens a littleness which robs them of whatever is manly; and, far from obtaining it's object, is a signal proof that women approach near to an equality with them. Did envy ever light upon demerit? What are men jealous of, but those objects which they dread? what do they dread, but those objects which they know to be endued with power? If women were really frivolous, inferior, and incapable, man would never have pronounced them so. There is no anxiety to display a self-evident truth. Do we hear him boast of his superiority over birds and beasts? Does he ever measure his genius against a horse or an ox? It is very likely, that while the world lasts, no man will ever be jealous of the abilities of either. Nay, conscious that they have nothing to dread, there have not been wanting vain philosophers who have consumed much time in attempting to prove the intellects of animals to be rational; but unless they can contrive academies for them, the world must be contented to take those theories on the credit of the authors; and if they really believe them to be so very ingenious, it would be a much more beneficent act to spend that time in educating them which they waste in idle encomiums, which the poor brutes are not likely to understand without the aid of their instruction.

[*To be continued.*]

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE SWALLOW.

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE fern is yellow on the heath,
The banks with speedwell flowers are gay,
The oaks are budding, and beneath
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,
The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled spring,
The Swallow too is come at last;
Just at sun-set, when thrushes sing,
I saw her dash with rapid wing,
And hail'd her as she pass'd.

Come, summer visitant, attach
To my reed roof your nest of clay,
And let my ear your music catch
Low twittering underneath the thatch,
At the grey dawn of day.

As fables tell, an Indian sage,
The Hindostana woods among,
Could, in his desert hermitage,
As if 'twere mark'd in written page,
Translate the wild bird's song.

I wish I did his power possess,
That I might learn, sweet bird, from thee,
What our vain systems only guess,
And know from what rude wilderness
You come across the sea.

I would a little while restrain
Your rapid wing, that I might hear,
Whether on clouds that bring the rain
You sail above the western main,
The wind your charioteer.

In Afric, does the sultry gale
Thro' spicy bower and palmy grove,
Bear the repeated cuckoo's tale?
Dwells *there* a time the wandering quail,
Or the itinerant dove?

Were you in Asia? O relate,
If there your fabled sister's woes
She seems in sorrow to narrate;
Or sings she but to celebrate
Her nuptials with the rose.

I would inquire how, journeying long
The vast and pathless ocean o'er,
You ply again those pinions strong,
And come to build anew among
The scenes you left before.

But if, as colder breezes blow
Prophetic of the waning year,
You hide, tho' none know when or how,
In the cliff's excavated brow,
And linger torpid here.

Thus lost to life, what favoring dream
Bids you to happier hours awake,
And tells, that dancing in the beam,
The light gnat hovers o'er the stream,
The May-fly on the lake?

Or if by instinct taught to know
Approaching dearth of insect food,
To isles and willow aits you go,
And crowding on the pliant bough
Sink in the dimpling flood.

How learn ye, while the cool waves boom
Your deep and oozy couch above,
The time when flowers of promise bloom,
And call you from your transient tomb,
To light, and life, and love

Alas! how little can be known
Her sacred veil where Nature draws;
Let baffled Science humbly own,
Her mysteries understood alone
By HIM who gives her laws.

AN INVITATION

ON MAY MORNING.

RISING Sol, thy cot is blessing,
Wake my fair, no longer rest;
Nature all herself is dressing
In her beauteous vernal vest.

Whil'st to welcome in the morning,
Music floats from ev'ry spray,
See, to hail sweet May's returning,
Flow'r-wreath'd lasses meet so gay.

Richest health their bosom swelling,
Blithe each leaves her calm retreat;
When with blest contentment dwelling,
She nor envies rich or great.

Balmy zephyrs float around 'em,
Wooing each fair op'ning flow'r,
And with od'rous sweets surround 'em,
From yon orchard's fragrant store.

Hark! the rural pipes are playing,
Now they form the sprightly dance,
Maids to youths fresh joys conveying,
In the frequent am'rous glance.

Haste, my Lucy! full of pleasure,
Let us join the blithsome train,
And with them in even measure,
Lightly print the dewy plain.

There forgetting care and sorrow,
Sable grief shall ne'er be seen;
Gaily thus we'll pass to-morrow,
Guiltless thus we'll sail Life's stream.

Those in cities boast their treasures,
And their round of sick'ning joy;
Let them:—give us nature, pleasures,
Nature's pleasure's never cloy!

ANONYMOUS.

West Petherton.

OLD SNOW;

OR, JOE AND THE GHOST.

SATURDAY night was come, and Joe
From his week's toil was free'd,
Save from his cart t' unyoke old Snow,
And turn him out to feed.

Poor Joe, an humble, simple clown,
An honest heart possess'd,
He car'd not fickle Fortune's frown,
With health and vigor bless'd.

Blithe as the morning lark he rose,
Pursu'd his destin'd lot;
At night, in sweetest soft repose,
His toils and cares forgot.

But love (though always blind confess'd)
Found out the happy swain;
And lodg'd an arrow in his breast
Regardless of the pain.

To Jane, the lily of the vale,
With native beauty bless'd,
He'd often told his artless tale,
And all his heart possess'd.

Old Snow turn'd out to crop the mead,
Now nothing else to do,
To her neat cot, with nimble speed,
Off tripp'd the anxious Joe.

There seated by her side, in chat,
The hours flew fast away;
And even though the sun was set,
He'd much more left to say.

Nor rose to take his leave, till night
Her sable mantle wore;—
Till the pale moon display'd her light,
He loiter'd at the door.

Then off he set, with heart elate,
And tripp'd it gaily on;
With nimble leap he pass'd each gate,
And often humm'd a song.

Poor Joe! 'ere long he'd left his Jane,
You'll hear what dire dismay,
Befell him in a darksome lane:—
An unfrequented way.

Nature was still, and balmy sleep
Had hush'd each busy care,
And save the tinkling bells of sheep,
No sound else reach'd his ear.

Soon had he pass'd with quicker tread,
The gloomy lane half through,
When, just as fancy boded dread,
A MONSTER rose to view.

Directly in his path it stood,
All clad in deadly white;
He paus'd—whilst horror chill'd his blood,
Stood fix'd in dire affright.

His whole frame quak'd, his courage gone,
Erect stood all his hair,
And now he thought what crimes he'd done,
And mutter'd many a pray'r.

Call'd all his former life to mind,
And ran o'er all his days;
But nought of wickedness could find,
Or evil in his ways.

Poor harmless Joe! from guilt quite free,
No conscience to reprove!
Soon felt assur'd no crimes had he,
'If 't were no crime to love.'

Embolden'd by his mental judge,
His courage rose apace,
Till he resolv'd he'd onward trudge
And meet the spectre's face.

Ghosts are but airy shades 'tis said,
The truth of this I'll know,
No sooner thought, than on he sped,
And, lo! it was old Snow!

Joe, deep in love, (forgetful state)
Eager to reach Jane's cot,
To shut quite close the meadow gate,
Had heedlessly forgot.

So Snow, the cause of all this fright,
Had stroll'd him down the lane;
And like the drifting snow was white,
From which he took his name.

Here ends my song, and Joe oft boasts
(When others seem afraid
To hear some frightful tale of ghosts)
The courage he display'd.

ANONYMOUS.

West Petherton.

COMMERCIAL SONNETS.

1.

Poets lament that novelty is fled,
That new ideas are not to be found;
Forgetting Commerce in her glowing round,
Whose forms have seldom fill'd a poet's head:
Then let them give the forms of bond and bill,
Let 'two months after date,' and 'six weeks sight'
Their flaming page of poetry now fill,
And they will learn to *get* as well as write;
Let discount, interest, commission join,
To aid the theme of shillings, pounds, and pence;
For these are things in every body's line,
Things that, besides, are full of *sterling* sense!
These themes, oh! sons of song! but deign to try,
And take my word the sons of Trade will buy!

2.

Proceed, my muse, in Commerce's gay train;
Let bills delivered in thy sonnets shine,
Credit at three montsh, six months, and at nine,
With calculations upon loss and gain:
Write puffs in verse for those kind-hearted men
Who sell for less than things were ever made,
No profitable object in their ken,
Pro bono publico their gen'rous trade!
Who buy up bankrupt's stock with meaning kind,
And goods that have been sent the Lord knows where;
Goods that, though foreigners are fancied blind,
They saw were not worth taking to their care!
In such a way, oh, poets! learn to thrive,
And, like your neighbours, cheat a bit to live!!!

J. M. L.

May 10, 1810.

THE

COTTAGE OF CONTENT.

I SAW by the light of the beautiful moon
That the cottage was hush'd and it's tenants at rest,
And I offer'd my thanks to kind Heav'n a boon,
And pray'd with content they might always be blest.

For surely contentment is better than wealth,
And better than honor, the greatest man's gain;
And should Providence crown all their labors with health,
'Tis the whole of their wants, all they wish to obtain.

Not far from their humble and thatch-cover'd sty
Lay the produce of harvest—the gleaner's reward,
And the harvesting bottle and bag was hard by,
The consolable friends of the reaper's regard.

I paus'd a few minutes and gaz'd all around,
I behledwith delight the poor cottagers' treasures,
And I said, 'what are riches? or what can be found
To compare with a cottage, content and their pleasures.'

C. T.

ENIGMA.

I AM so like mankind, that all agree
They read their fate when gazing upon me.
I often rage with passion, and pursue
The very means which thoughtless men undo;
For by my obstinate and daring flame
I turn the rich to rags—their sons to shame;
And more, I sometimes tear the body too,
Present them dreadful spectacles to view,
And by my violence I sometimes part
The dearest friends, and wound the feeling heart;
So void of all that forms a father's care,
I grasp his children, leave him to despair;
Unconscious of a mother's feeling breast,
I rob herof her children and her rest;
The dearest babe I cause her to deplore,
Sighing her lovely innocent's no more.
But worst of all—I mention it with shame,
I'm quite regardless of the lover's flame:
Nor can meek pity's tear with me avail,
Nor soft humanity's more moving tale;
But 'tis when passion's overborne by rage
Such horrid cruelties my time engage;
Like men, themselves, when passion bears the sway,
Sense, reason, judgment, all are thrown away.
In milder moments, and when free from care,
Like age or weariness, in easy chair
I doze the moments, and so faintly peep,
Unless I'm timely rous'd, I fall asleep;
Like aged men I'm careless, unconcern'd,
Nor can the world's endearments be discern'd,
Yet I'm agreeable to the young and gay,
And all, in turn, their homage to me pay;
Like them I sparkle most when I can get
Of wine or spirits just enough to wet;
But when, like them, too much of these I've had,
I rage with fury and am almost mad:
At last reduc'd, and worn with time's hard lashes,
I waste, like man, to simple dust and ashes.

C. T.

CHARADE.

MY first is to commerce allied,
The sustaining support of all trade,
And the man who exclaims, 'sir, Who'll buy?'
Through my first, finds his trouble all paid.

My second's a means to disclose
Each thought, as it happens to rise;
But my whole, contradicts former words,
Which may sometimes occasion surprise.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, March 1.

THE first stone of the immense building, properly called the Porte (the gate), has been just laid with the usual ceremonies. This building, it is known, was burned by the janissaries. Under it's ruins were buried that bold and enterprising man, Mustapha Bairactar, the mainspring of the revolution undertaken to re-establish the Sultan Selim, which proved fatal to that prince.

It is confidently stated that the grand seignior will set-off at the opening of the campaign, to put himself at the head of his army.

Cadiz, March 22. The head-quarters of the army have been removed to the royal Isle of Leon. The enemy is still working at the entrenched camp in the environs of the Castle of St. Catharine; it forms a square, with several salient points in front.

Letters lately received from Gibraltar state, that the flame of patriotism is spreading far and wide through the mountainous districts of Ronda, the inhabitants of which leave their families and homes, and take up arms to pursue and destroy the French who had the audacity to penetrate into those parts. Murabella, Ronda, and Osuna are free; and their recapture offers many opportunities to destroy the enemy, who, full of terror, is flying in every direction. King Joseph fled from Malaga the 13th instant, at seven o'clock in the morning. The recapture of Ronda and Murabella greatly contributed to his flight.

Hanover, March 23. The imperial commissary, and director-general of the extraordinary customs, has published a notification respecting the provisional measures he is charged to adopt for the administration of the customs in the dutchy of Lauenburg, in as much as by virtue of the 1st article of the treaty of Cassel, which is explanatory of the treaty of Paris of the 14th January 1810, the dutchy of Lauenburg is excepted from the cession made of the Hanoverian territories to the King of Westphalia, and will continue to be administered in the name, and for the account of his Majesty the Emperor of the French.

Hermanstadt, March 26. It is asserted that Mr. Adair, the English ambassador to the sublime porte, applied for permission to attend all the political deliberations of the Divan; but that the grand seignior gave him a positive refusal.

In the various skirmishes the Turks have had with the combined Russian and Servian army, they gave quarter to the few Russian soldiers who fell into their hands, but had no mercy on the Servians. They regard the latter as their former subjects, and consequently treat them as rebels. They impale or behead them, accompanying this barbarous operation with the most bitter irony. All that has been heretofore related of the military ferocity of the Turks, is nothing in comparison to the manner in which they treated a detachment of the Servians which they had cut off from their main body. Those of the Servians who chance to be made prisoners, seem astonished

that they are suffered to live, and much more that any attention should be paid to their wounds.

The military organization of the Ottoman army seems to be as bad as ever. It was rumored that the grand seignior intended to take the command of his grand army in person; but, a few days since, he had not yet set off from Constantinople. He has but a poor opinion of his troops, and seems little inclined to expose his person to the hazard of a battle. The army is almost totally destitute of field artillery ball, and a number of the most necessary articles.

Letters from Malta state, that a number of English officers had gone to Constantinople, to obtain the grand seignior's permission to serve with the Turkish troops.

Trieste, March 30. We have received very satisfactory advices from Corfu. Since the late fruitless debarkation of the English, they have made no further attempt against that island, the garrison of which is in a very respectable state of defence. The English have not a sufficient number of troops to enable them to make a successful descent. General Stuart, the commander in chief, being unwilling to weaken the defence of Sicily, has refused to give Admiral Martin a few battalions, which he applied for. On the other hand, the blockade of the island by the English men of war is not so strict as to prevent all communication with it.

Vienna, April 4. By an extraordinary occasion, we have received intelligence from London, dated the 17th ult., from which it appears, that the preceding evening dispatches had arrived from Paris, containing overtures of peace. If the English ministers are inclined to listen to those proposals, our minister of state, Count Metternich, will, in that event, proceed from Paris to London, and represent his Majesty the Emperor of Austria as mediator.

April 5. Very important events are expected to take place on the return of his Excellency Count Metternich.

We are in expectation here of great events, or at least of great results, and every courier extraordinary, every messenger who comes with dispatches, is supposed to have brought the intelligence which excites universal curiosity. Yesterday evening a messenger, attached to the Bavarian legation, was stopped at the entrance of the city by an immense mob, who took him for an estafette from Count Metternich, and who addressed a number of questions to him respecting the contents of his dispatches; but hitherto all our curiosity has been unavailing, and we are still in the same state of uncertainty.

April 7. M. Praslin, chamberlain to the Emperor of France, arrived here yesterday with a letter from his sovereign, and another from the Empress Maria Louisa, dated from Compiegne, and containing the most satisfactory intelligence.

The affairs of Turkey are becoming more and more interesting. Prince Bagration has gone from Bucharest to Rassowat, on the frontiers of Bulgaria, where he has established his head-quarters. He is making preparations for a general attack. In a map of the eastern parts of Europe, published at St. Petersburgh, some portions of European Turkey are joined to Russia, without any distinction of territory.

April 8. We hear from Semlin, that the Turks, on being informed that a Russian corps had passed the Danube at Ostrowa, and were advancing into Servia, had put themselves in motion from all quarteas to resist them. They are collecting their forces in the environs of Widdin and Nesse. Their military preparations are immense, and far surpassing any thing of the kind that has been seen in Turkey for a length of time. They pretend, though it is oertainly an exaggeration, that their army will, this campaign, consist of 500,000 men. The Russians, on the other hand, are bringing troops from the interior; and considerable levies of recruits are going forward.

The Servians are dissatisfied with their situation. Formerly they complained of the yoke of the Turks; now they complain of the burdens of the war (to which there appears no end) of the numerous imposts they are obliged to pay, and of the despotic tone of the chiefs of the insurrection. On this account, Czerny George, not thinking himself safe on his estates, resides almost constantly at Belgrade. Almost all the Servians wish to pass under the dominion of a neighbouring prince, being tired of their present condition, and desirous of protection from a respectable power.

Morlaix, April 12. Two English commissaries landed here yesterday. Their mission, which is said to relate to an exchange of prisoners, has caused great

joy in this place. They will set off to-morrow for Paris.

Lisbon, April 13. The war seems to be at an end in Estremadura. Ballasteros having left sufficient garrisons in the Sierra, is falling back upon Zalamea, for the purpose of more securely watching the motions of Regnier. The latter, however, did not dare to hazard an action with O'Donnel. His retreat to Cabeza del Boey indicates, that he has finally quitted Estramadura, and is directing his march to Cordova, or perhaps to the foot of the Sierras contiguous to La Mancha. All the letters received here state, that the enemy are committing the most horrid atrocities in their retreat. But let us turn away our eyes from these scenes of horror, to fix them upon the brilliant perspective which Spain now exhibits, compared with her situation at the end of January. It seems as if a protecting genius had decreed that Spanish freedom should be established on the ruins of French tyranny.

In the Asturias, Gallicia, Estremadura, Andalusia, Valencia, Catalonia, every where, within the last two months, have her indefatigable and vigilant generals routed the enemy. Her regular troops, at this moment, exceed 120,000 effective men. Nothing is known with certainty of King Joseph; it is, however, said, that he has left Andalusia. In Cadiz every thing is going on well. The French have abandoned several points which they had occupied; and it is generally thought that they will soon evacuate the whole territory.

Strasburgh, April 15. Notwithstanding the satisfactory accounts received during the last two months, respecting the success of our arms in Spain, French troops still continue marching to that country. According to letters from Bourdeaux, varous corps arrived there in the course of the month of March, having come partly direct from Paris, and partly by the military road through Limoges and Perigueux: after a short halt, they proceeded on their march to Bayonne. That part of the grand park of artillery, and the division of the park of light artillery, which first broke up from Passau, had also arrived there, and were under orders for Spain. A train of battering artillery is collecting at Bayonne, to be employed in attacking the fortresses in Spain and Portugal which still hold out. The general of division Rogniac, who has assumed the command of this branch of the service, has his head-quarters at Bayonne.

Among the troops that lately passed through Bourdeaux on their way to Spain, is an entirely new division, formed at Augsburgh, and consisting of several regiments of the line and the 4th legion of the Vistula. There is a strong garrison in Bayonne, which principally consists of the depots of the regiments serving in Spain, including French, Poles, and Dutch, and also an Irish regiment. The men who are exercised at these depots set off by detachments for Spain, to reinforce their corps, and are from time to time replaced by fresh recruits.

Gottenburgh, April 15. By order of our government, all communication with England is to cease after the 24th inst., and no vessels whatever allowed to enter into any of our ports from that country, excepting our own ships bringing salt, which, by the treaty with France, is only pyrmitted to be imported for the consumption of the country. How far a strict attention to this decree will be paid can only be determined after the arrival of the French agents, who, it seems, are already on their journey to this country.

April 23. We were this morning gratified by the appearance off this port of the long-expected convoy from England, under protection of the British frigate Alexandria. Several ships have already come in. This arrival is very opportune, as to-morrow the decree of the 28th March, prohibiting the entrance of British vessels, begins to take effect. Our government had previously given directions for any ships which may arrive, subsequently to the 24th instant, to bring up below the castle, and to wait for further orders from Stockholm. Several ships of war accompanied the convoy, but it is supposed they have proceeded to the Belt.

Paris, April 25. The senate held a sitting extraordinary yesterday, under the presidency of the arch chancellor. A senatus consultum was adopted relative to the incorporation of a part of Holland with the French empire.

Marshal Massena, Duke of Rivoli and Prince of Esling, is going, it is said, to take the command of the army of Portugal, consisting of the corps of the Duke of Elchingen, the Duke of Abrantes, and General Regnier.

HOME NEWS.

London, April 26.

A SCOTCH paper, received yesterday, states, that James Arnot, weaver, of Cairneyhill, had a son baptised in the Auld Light congregation in Dunfermline, on Sunday the 15th of April, by the name of Francis Burdett. The father insisted on the minister's naming the child "Sir Francis Burdett;" but this was refused by the clergyman.

An inquest was held on Tuesday at the White Horse public-house, in Gilbert-Street, Clare Market, on the body of James Cowling, a deserter from the West London Militia, who cut his throat with a razor in the above house on Monday afternoon. It appeared in evidence, that having been recognised by a corporal of the same regiment, he had gone into several houses to evade being taken into custody, and at last into the passage of the public-house, whither he was followed by the corporal. The deceased attempted to go up stairs, but the latter laying hold of his apron, he pulled out a razor, and divided both the windpipe and jugular vein. He was conveyed to St. Clement's workhouse, where he died about ten minutes after his arrival. The jury returned a verdict of *self-murder, by cutting his throat with a razor.* The deceased had deserted several times from the regiment, and lately was employed as a porter to an upholsterer in Moorfields: he was about forty-five years of age, and has left a wife and two children.

The 3d or King's Own Dragoons, which were brought up to town in consequence of the riots, march to-morrow, Saturday, and Monday, for Guildford.

A melancholy accident happened on Monday, at Temple, near Marlow, the seat of Owen Williams, Esq. Two gentlemen and two ladies ventured, for their amusement, into a boat upon the mill stream, at a short distance from the wiers. They were at first so insensibly drawn towards the sluices, that they did not perceive their danger. As they approached them, the force of the current baffled their efforts to direct the boat, and they were carried upon them. One of the gentlemen leaped out on the bank with the chain in his hand, and endeavoured to pull the boat from the opening of the sluice, but the torrent was irresistible, and his strength availed nothing: the boat filled, instantaneously sunk, and was dashed to pieces. In a few seconds two of the party appeared at some distance struggling in the stream, which soon threw them on a shoal in the middle of the river. The third, a young lady, sister of Mrs. Williams, rose no more. The lady and gentleman so providentially saved have not sustained any material injury.

April 27. Yesterday a numerous body of the freeholders of Middlesex assembled at the Mermaid Tavern, for the purpose of considering what measures should be taken in consequence of the late conduct of the house of commons with respect to Mr. Gale Jones and Sir Francis Burdett, when a petition was drawn up to be presented to the house, and several resolutions voted.

April 30. An Inquest was held on Friday, at the Coach and Horses, in St. Martin's lane, on the body of Mrs. Maria Kennerly, who died on Tuesday last, in

consequence of being dreadfully burned at her house in St. Martin's-court. Mr. Robert Bownes, a clerk to Mr. Kennerly, said, that he slept on the ground-floor; on Tuesday morning last, about half-past one o'clock, he was awakened by some noise in the house; the witness ran up stairs, and between the first and second floor stairs he met Mrs. Kennerly, who was running down with her clothes on fire, and she exclaimed, "Robert, assist me." The witness went into the first floor back room to get some clothes to wrap round Mrs. Kennerly, who followed him into the room; not finding any thing, he attempted to get up the drawing-room carpet, but it was nailed to the floor; then with his hands he tried to extinguish her clothes, which were burning very rapidly. In the attempt he burned one of his hands. He next ran down stairs to get the counterpane off his bed, and ran again up stairs with it: he met Mr. Ford, who had been alarmed by the noise: he desired him to take the counterpane, and go and wrap it round Mrs. Kennerly. The witness opened the street door, and called some persons who were passing at the time, and desired them to render assistance: they went up to the second-floor bed-room, and found one side of the bed in flames, which they extinguished. There was a candlestick close to the bed-side, but no candle in it; it was burned down to the socket.

Dr. Thomas said, on Tuesday morning last, between two and three o'clock, he found Mrs. Kennerly on a bed on the ground floor; she was complaining of excessive pain: upon examination, he found she was dreadfully burned in the trunk and upper extremities. It was very clear that her death was inevitable, and he directed his attention to give her present relief. She expired about five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day.

The Jury returned a verdict of—*Accidental Death.*

May 1. A servant in Red Lion-Street, Clerkenwell, having some time since accidentally swallowed a needle, was, a few days ago, seised with excruciating pain in the small of her back; and on a neighbouring surgeon being sent for, he discovered the point of the needle making it's way through the skin. It was immediately extracted, and the young woman is now recovering.

May 2. On Saturday evening, about eight o'clock, as one of the horse patrole, belonging to Bow-Street Office, was riding over Blackheath, upon his duty, he heard a voice at some distance calling out, "Halloo, &c. pull up, d—— your eyes, stop, &c." He rode towards the part where he heard the voice proceed from. On his way he met a man who informed him a post-chaise had just been robbed by a highwayman. The patrole followed the chaise, and on coming up with it, found a gentleman, and two ladies, and a little girl, who had been stopped and robbed by a highwayman; they informed him the way the highwayman had taken. The patrole pursued him, and came up with a man on horseback, whom he stopped, and took into custody; and on searching him, and not finding any thing particular, he was persuaded he had thrown something away; it being then very dark, it was impossible to ascertain the exact spot until the following morning; he therefore left his stick on it, and conveyed the highwayman to London. Early on the following morning, he went to the place again, where he left his stick, and found near it a pistol, which was loaded, primed, and cocked.

On Thursday morning last, one of the London coaches from Liverpool unfortunately overturned by the breaking of a wheel, near the house called Mock-beggar Hall, on the Prescot-Road. The inside passengers escaped with little injury; but one of the outside passengers, Mr. Owen, an attorney of Staffordshire, was bruised so dreadfully, by the coach falling on his breast, that he survived only an hour afterwards. He was taken into a house by the road-side, where he had just time to declare who he was, and to dictate a few lines, as his last will and testament, which, at his request, was transmitted to his friends.

May 7. Paris papers to the 29th ult. arrived on Saturday. They are filled with the particulars of a plot, and the explanatory documents relating to it, that was formed for the liberation of Ferdinand VII. from the Castle of Valancay, but which was frustrated by the immediate denunciation of the chief agent. The plan, as a matter of course, was fostered, if not hatched, by the British Government; and the person selected to bring this most delicate affair to a happy conclusion is represented as

a British subject. The history of the transaction is briefly this. A person called himself Charles Leopold, Baron de Kolli, 32 years of age, a native of Ireland, comes over from France, obtains an introduction to the Duke of Kent, and proposed to his Royal Highness a plan for liberating Ferdinand VII. The duke mentions it to his majesty, who it is to be presumed approves of it, as it is afterwards taken up and managed by the secretary of state for the foreign department. This soi-disant Irish baron, after obtaining 8000*l.* money, besides diamonds to a considerable value, and the various documents and passports necessary to authenticate his mission and ensure it's success, takes leave of his majesty on the 24th of January, and sets out on the 26th for Plymouth, with Captain Cockburn, who was to command a small squadron, and to obey De Kolli's orders. He is landed at Quiberon on the night of the 9th of March, proceeds to Paris, disposes of some of his diamonds, purchases a couple of horses, and at length gets to Valancay. He contrives, under an assumed character, to insinuate himself into the castle, and makes his proposal to a M. Amezaga, the intendant of Ferdinand VII. The words are hardly out of his mouth, when he his denounced to the French gaoler or governor of the castle, who immediately secures his person and transmits him by a special messenger to Fouche, by whom he is consigned to the castle of Vincennes.

It is impossible to attach any degree of credit whatever to that part of this statement which effects our government, without ascribing to the nobleman at the head of the foreign department the utmost indiscretion. No proposition of the kind could have been entertained and encouraged, without greatly adding to that peril in which the royal prisoner it was intended to release hourly stands. It is not impossible, however, that a proposal of this nature might have been made to our government by some French or other foreign emissary, but we can hardly believe that the bait was so easily taken. We should suppose the principal object of the plot was to ascertain the fidelity, to the French, of the persons by whom King Ferdinand is surrounded, and of the disposition of that unfortunate prince to avail himself of any opportunity or facility that might offer for his escape.

May 8. At the Norfork Quarter sessions, E. Stubbing, of Wymondham, was indicted for uttering seditious words in a public-house, in the company of some militiamen and others. The words were, that 'he wished Bonapartè would come; he (Stubbing) would be the first man to join him — that Bonapartè was a better man to his country than King George is to this.' The offence was proved by Serjeants Money and Chaplin, of the West Norfork Regiment, and no defence was set up in explanation of the words used; but several respectable persons spoke to the general conduct of Stubbing, and to his being a very loyal man. The jury, however, to the surprise of the whole court, returned a verdict of *Not guilty*.

On Wednesday night, the old Taunton coach was robbed of a parcel, containing bank notes to the amount of about 2000*l.* between London and Salisbury; but it was supposed to have been done near London. All due precaution was taken to prevent robbery, by it's being locked in the seat; but the robbers, who, no doubt, had got into the coach for the purpose, contrived to cut a hole in the seat, and took out the parcel, from which it is suspected they knew the contents of it.

May 12. On Wednesday last, an elderly laboring man, whose name was John Tucker, put an end to his existence, by hanging himself in his cottage, where he lived, at Spittal, in the parish of Windsor: the reason assigned for his committing this rash act, and which was proved on the coroner's inquest, was that he was in arrears for poor's rates, for his little cottage, about 30s. and for which he was summoned by the overseer to appear before the mayor. On the Tuesday evening he took a pound-note, which was all the money he could get, carried it to one of the overseers, and begged of him to take it in part, and he would pay the remainder as soon as he could earn it; the overseer refused to take it in part, but told the old man that unless he paid the whole, he would, the next day, make a distress on his premises. The poor man returned home to his wife and children, and told them what had passed, and gave his wife the one-pound note. He could not rest all night. It pressed so much on his mind and spirits, that when he got up in the morning to go to his daily labor, he committed this rash act.—

Extraordinary Robbery.—On Tuesday night, May 23, about 11 o'clock, as an elderly gentleman, who resides in the neighbourhood of Manchester-Street, was sitting in his front parlour, no other person being in the house, he was extremely alarmed by the sudden appearance of a man, with a black crape over his face. The terror of the old gentleman was considerably increased by the man not speaking, but repeatedly making a noise like the barking of a mastiff dog. The robber opened the back parlour door, and beckoned to the old gentleman to follow him, which he refused. The robber then shook him by the shoulders, to induce him to go. The old gentleman still refusing, the robber forced him into the back parlour, pointed at an iron safe, and made signs for him to open it. The old gentleman not complying, the robber proceeded to take the keys from him; and, in the scuffle, the old gentleman fell over a chair, and a table upon him, which cut open his nose, broke his shins, and bruised him in other parts of his body in a most shocking manner. The robber appeared to know the key of the safe, and proceeded to unlock it, and took out three gold watches, three gold snuff boxes, several diamond and pearl rings, and other trinkets, to the amount of between 4 and 500*l.*; then, after giving the old gentleman several severe blows, he took the candle, left the room, and locked the old gentleman in. After some time, the old gentleman recovered himself, opened the window, and gave an alarm to the neighbourhood, no other person being in the house. The neighbours were obliged to have recourse to a ladder, and got over the yard wall, and then broke open the doors. They found that the villain had left the candle in a corner of the front parlour, in such a position, as there was no doubt but he intended it should set fire to the house; but, fortunately, the tallow had run. The old gentleman keeps a carriage, which was out with his niece, who resides with him, and the footman attending her: they did not return till one o'clock. It so happened, that there was no female servant belonging to the family at the time, the old gentleman having changed his servants very often lately; and it could not be ascertained by what means the robber gained admittance into the house, but it is supposed by the area: and it is strongly suspected that the robber was a servant, who had formerly lived in the family.

BIRTHS.

April 4. At Grantham, the lady of Sir Moutague Cholmeley, Bart. of a son.

12. At Coley Park, near Reading, Berks, the lady of John M'Connell, Esq. of a son.

14. Lady Macdonald Lockhart, of a daughter.

19. At Weymouth, the lady of Capt. Hodge, of the 7th light dragoons, of a son.

22. The lady of the Right Hon. Reginald Pole Carew, of a daughter, at his seat at Antony, in the county of Cornwall.

26. At his house in Bedford-Place, Russell-Square, the lady of Andrew Loughnan, Esq. of a daughter.

At May's Farm, Oxfordshire, the lady of W. Butler, Esq. of a son and heir.

27. At his house in Bedford-Square, the lady of Walter Shairp, Esq. of a daughter.

28. At Battersea Rise, the lady of H. Thornton, Esq. M. P. of a son.

May 14. Of a son, the lady of W. H. Burnley, Esq. of Upper Charlotte-Street, Fitzroy-Square.

MARRIAGES.

April 11. At St. George's, Hanover-Square, Mr. George Henry Samuel Gilbert, to Miss Penelope Westmacott.

22. At Great Yeldham, Essex, the Rev. Francis Merewether, of Haverhill, Suffolk, to Frances Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Gregory Lewis Way, Esq. of Spencer Farm, Yeldham.

25. In Bloomsbury-Square, by special licence, Sir Robert Graham, of Esk, in the county of Cumberland, Bart. to Elizabeth, only daughter of John Young, Esq. of Battle, in Sussex.

26. Mr. H. Clarke, of Chatham, to Miss Conquest, daughter of George Conquest, M. D. of the above place.

Mr. Robert Young, of Watling-Street, to Miss Clark, of Leatherhead.

At Bath, Alexander Erskine, Esq. of Bathall, North-Britain, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the late Joseph Brissett, Esq. of Hanover, in the island of Jamaica.

May 1. At St. George's Church, Hanover-Square, Henry Westmacott, Esq. of Mount-Street, Grosvenor-Square, to Miss Eliza Brodie Stewart, of Montrose.

At St. Swithin's, Cannon-Street, by the Rev. Thomas Fry, M. A. rector of Pemberton, Bucks, and chaplain to the Lock Hospital, Mr. William Budden, of Budge-Row, to Eliza, youngest daughter of John Hanson, Esq. Hammersmith.

2. At Camberwell, by the Rev. George Chamberlayne, rector of Weymouth, Charles Chitty, Esq. of Gower-Street, to Miss S. E. Jourdan, daughter of John Jourdan, Esq. of Peckham Rye.

On Tuesday last, Robert Hebden, Esq. of the Inner Temple, to Harriet, daughter of John Stephenson, Esq. of Great Ormond-Street.

4. At Aldermaston Church, by the Rev. George Monck, John Berkley Monck, Esq. of Coley Park, near Reading, to Mary, eldest daughter of William Stephens, of Aldermaston.

8. At Bisham Church, by the Rev. John Orde, the Right Hon. Lord Bolton, to the Hon. Maria Carleton, eldest daughter of the late Lord Dorchester.

At Knighton, by the Rev. S. Coleman, William Knox, Esq. of Carlton Hall, to Christian Ann, eldest daughter of Henry Coleman, Esq. of Storey Gate-House, Leicestershire.

13. At Widdial, Herts, by the Rev. John Simpson, Mr. Irish, of the borough of Southwark, to Miss Robinson, daughter of the late John Robinson, Esq. of Shefford, Bedfordshire.

DEATHS.

April 11. At the Observatory, in the University of Oxford, aged 76, the Rev. Thomas Hornsby, D. D. and F. R. S., Savilian Professor of Astronomy, Professor of Natural Philosophy, Reader in Experimental Philosophy, and Librarian to the Ratcliffe Library; whose long and eminent services in the cause of science, and whose successful labors in completing the astronomical arrangements at the Observatory will ever be remembered with gratitude by the University, and transmit his fame to posterity.

13. In the 76th year of her age, Mrs. Levette, late of Northfleet, in Kent.

In the 80th year of his age, Henry Sayer, Esq. of East Burnham, in the county of Bucks.

14. Mrs. Maberly, wife of John Maberly, Esq. of Duke-Street, Westminster.

At his house in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, Henry Maddock, Esq.

21. At Lincoln Palace, at the advanced age of 83, Mrs. Buckworth, widow of the late Rev. Dr. Buckworth, and daughter to the late Vincent Amcotts, Esq. of Harrington Hall, Lincolnshire; she is the last of that family, in a direct line, leaving only a niece, to whom the greater part of her fortune is expected to devolve.

At her house, on Balham Hill, Miss Gregory, sincerely regretted by her family and numerous friends.

Charles Atkins, in his tenth year, son of Mr. Sheriff Atkins.

Aged 71, at Long Stow, in the county of Cambridge, sincerely regretted by his family and friends, the Rev. Richard Haighton, M. A. rector of that parish, and of Croxton, in the same county. He was formerly fellow of Christ's College, in the University of Cambridge, B. A. and senior wrangler, 1762, M. A. 1765, and one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Cambridge upwards of 30 years.

22. At Mr. Wiltshire's, Clapham Common, Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. Winstanley, of Old Broad-Street.

In Portugal-Street, Harriet Drummond, second daughter of the late Rev. Henry Drummond.

28. In York-Street, St. James's Square, much lamented, Miss Isabella Anne Hoare, aged 15, third daughter of Henry Hugh Hoare, Esq.

May 2. At his house at Wing, in Bucks, the Hon. and Rev. Henry Jerome de Salis, D. D. one of his majesty's chaplains in ordinary, count of the holy Roman empire.

6. Gustavus Adolphus Troughton, in the 23d year of his age, youngest son of Richard Troughton, Esq. of the custom-house, London. His death was occasioned by a blow he received against a post on the Tuesday evening preceding.

7. In child-bed, in the prime of life, much and deservedly lamented, Mrs. Ibbotson, wife of Mr. Ibbotson, of Huddersfield, and sister to the Rev. Mr. Manners, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, leaving a husband and two infant daughters to lament their irreparable loss.